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Travel letter no. 20, Series 1

Joseph Peace Hazard

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Dear Sisters

(No 20)

At Sea June 27.

We left Hull about 10 P.M. and
passed out the Humber by Spurn Head to sea
about midnight. Our Pilot left us there by
the light house there, a very fine looking
fellow, intelligent, agreeable, had been at New
York and several voyages to America, was there
at the time of the opening of Erie canal, yet
is as smooth cheeked as a boy and does not
look 40. We have a most kindly captain, a
Norwegian or Swede, a good vessel for passengers &
all goes pleasantly. There are 4 of us in a state
room but it is about 13 by 16 feet, and on deck.
I got upon deck at noon, the sea is almost as
smooth as a narrow river, and only a steamer
and brig to be seen though all is free from
mist. I expected to have seen more shipping
in the North Sea. I made an expedition yesterday
to see the Town of Hull. I may say I could not
find it. The docks so ramify the place, it has
no centre and I got into the country before
I knew it, and found unless I returned the same
way I could not get to town but by a circuit
of a mile which I took, passing in the suburb
the greatest cotton mill (they say in England).
Certainly the largest I have seen. The building
is of brick - 5 stories high 84 feet wide and upwards of
500 feet in length - besides Engine houses, offices &
warehouses. They spin only and have 104040 spin
dles; both mule & throtle. The yarn probably go to
the Baltic, chiefly. This mill was built in 1846
and most probably to employ capital rendered
idle by the decay of the whale fishery, formerly an
extensive trade from this port now reduced to one
steam whale and seals. This is parallel with
New Port. I was also struck by the similarity of
the interiors of some of the old warehouses at Hull
to those on some of the wharves in New Port. There
also stand on the quays, but are brick outside.
Some new warehouses on the walla docks are very large
and well built. Multitudes of Dutch galliots are here
and many more than boats of less than 100 tons burthen.

that appear more like canal craft with their ⁽²⁾
~~little~~ spindling masts, than ~~sea~~ sea going.
One of these was discharging horse beans (a great arti-
cle in England it would ~~seem~~ offer their fields
torn with them too) but not one of the 6 or 8 stowmen
measured it could tell me where the vessel was
from - The Captain (without referring to his papers)
told me "from Hanover, not far from Bremen."
There are many extensive ~~oil~~ ^{oil} pressed oil mills in
Hull, as well as flouring mills. The ~~lin~~ flax seed
is becoming difficult to obtain in sufficient
quantities from the Baltic, so this great branch
is suffering too, a manufacturer told me, de-
clining. Steam power is now used, and in one
of the mills the oil was expressed by wedges, driven
as piles by ~~a~~ steam. Many of the works in Hull
have formerly been driven by powerful windmills,
I saw 5 of these towers ~~some~~ now dismantled -
They are very large, of brick, and one over 100 feet
high is battlemented as an ornament to the steam
oil mill that has succeeded it. At one of the
flour mills a lighter was discharging coals
The men drank water into which I saw "fine
Sharps" powder (a ~~fine~~ residuum of the bolting
process in flour making) into it, supposing they
were mixing horse feed. about a quart of the meal
to 2 gallons of water. I followed the bucket to the
hold of the collier and found what it meant.
Far better than beer or ale I do not doubt. ~~So~~
I saw in addition to the usual ~~beer~~ sign
of "Beckwith Blanchard licensed retailer of
foreign and british wines spirits and tobacco"
in large letters on the door, quite fancifully
painted "Drum Shop" at another I noticed
the same thing - There is a characteristic dis-
tinctness in this - as to the famous Fire Palace of London.
they would attract no attention with us, further
than the exhibition of gas lights in front being more
bright than ~~there~~ their neighbors. The Saloon
of the Astor house would hold any dozen of those
I saw in London, and in point of decoration &c

is as superior as the Alhambra to an ordinary shop.
One tavern in Hull invites its guests with the some-
what startling announcement of "The Ships Hold"
That of Calcutta must have been forgotten. I have
noticed all over England a habit of exposing tea in
very considerable quantities to the air in shop windows,
generally in Chinese bowls, that frequently hold many
pounds each. We suppose the article injured very
materially by such treatment. In some of these win-
dows an hundred pounds or more is thus abandoned
to whatever the consequences may be. Tea or coffee
in this country often make a separate branch of
traffic, a shop. In some shops I have seen tea
in little ornate paper packages from 1 to 2 oz
each, which are handed to those who can only buy
such quantities, in a very deteriorated condition
if American notions on this point be correct.
Every disadvantage of this sort appears to accumulate
upon poverty, but it gets along as well as richer after
all if it were not for the feeling that it has not its
due share, and the endless ramifications of evil
influences arising from that feeling. This it is
I presume that constitutes the real trouble of the
Slave, who is called to mind here by a very good
column surmounted by a statue of Wilberforce
standing in the midst of shipping here.
The character of the monuments erected by the
industrious trading folks mechanical and
manufacturing is strikingly in their favour, in
England. There is scarce a bloody bull common
rated in one of these in all the great industrial
towns I have lately visited. Their public works
too are far more elegant than those of the cities
who appear to think they alone possess the taste
necessary to the production of such. Beside
this monument not one thing however in Hull
appears to be public excepting a nice plain hospital.
The town is comfortably built - Streets generally airy
but not one house apparently a gentleman's, did I see,
much more a street of such. I heard the merchants

to lived very much at a few miles out of town (4)
The heat at Hull was considered yesterday very in-
tolerable and unusual. I found it pleasant to
walk in my usual winter dress, and on board the
steamer before sun down I sat on the upper deck
watching the busy and interesting scene con-
sistent to the opening of the dock gates for vessels to
pass in or out, with a shout on. The vessels outside
come in first with last of the flowing or flood tide
to urge them along. Large Ships Steamers, Dutch
Gallies, and very numerous lighters occupied 2 hours
in getting in. The families of the Captains live in these
lighters. The women "mind the helm" and I saw
several of them steering with children in their arms.
A boy I saw on board of one of them only (12 years of age)
I should be glad to have in America to send to school
and give a chance. The "Sarah of Hull" was the vessel
which he managed entirely. I was amazed. Sometimes
he was pulling a barge to carry a line to some distant
hold ahead, sometimes one thing then another, with
chape of helm beside and all without any direction
than of ^{his} own keen intelligence contained in a
frame that would not weigh 55 lb. His performance
as compared with that of other boys was as that of the
shepherd to dog to an Oppossum. I noticed the sails
of these lighters which are the residences of their owners or men-
ners, were invariably furled in Tar paulins. Our Cap-
tain says some of these women who steer these vessels
keep their children neatly dressed, hair curled and
all like Holliday. Attracted the other day by the
singularly neat appear of 4 girls from 5 to 10 years of
age, on board of one of them, he asked them to his
steamer & treated to oranges &c. In his turn he
"had the pleasure of being invited to their little
cabin which he found as neat the folks in Hol-
land" The current in the channel of the Humber
is 3 miles in Neap tides and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Spring tides.
I went on Board the new Iron Steamer Atlantic, a
fine Iron ship of over 2000 Tons for the American trade.
Seeing a "Timber & Raft merchant" I found Raft to
mean boards. They were riving laths in the yard. There
were more like basket stuff than our laths and come

at a very considerably higher price. 9d for 120 (5 of them 3 feet in length and not half the thickness or width of our good qualities. Oil cake as well as Beans is an important article of cattle food in this county, and I frequently saw the St John, Socent which is imported and sold here for the same purpose our vessel is not very swift. With a smooth sea & clear weather we ^{have} made about 110 miles in 12 hours.

I believe I never before enjoyed the full luxury of waiting - Here I have nothing to do, the first time for nearly a year, next to smoking perhaps the greatest of luxuries, under existing circumstances. If I could take a cigar or an hundred of them instead of all the pleasures of the table, gladly would I make the exchange. I shall have to get one of those small mills to write in. Our propeller makes such a tremor that the thread of my yarn is full of knots & knots. The water of this sea appears to be as blue as that of the gulf stream, though it is not, ^{over 430 fathoms} deep. We ~~have~~ ^{lifted} the logbook where I hear it is only 8 to 22 fathoms. A dangerous place in great storms. The breeze is light, at E. S. East and quite cold. 28th. On deck at 1 P.M. rainy and not so cold as yesterday, indeed it was milder much last night. I was then on deck until nearly mid night and twilight nearly bright enough to read by. I have London time, so it must be later here. The Coast of Norway is just in sight, but clouds do not permit me to see if it be high or its outline fine. There are 10 vessels in sight, yesterday there were generally about 3 only. The water has changed colour, no longer blue. An Englishman on his way to Norway salmon fishing, thinks it colder to day than was yesterday. Temperature as indicated by thermometer is rarely spoken of in England. There is much going to Norway from England to fish & shoot. So much so that proprietors are letting their streams, as far north as 70°. "Ganger Rolf" was grandfather of our the Conqueror, and lies at Amiens. I hear. Our dinner at 2 P.M. yesterday was rather odd but very good. The proceeds believe in variety. The table was laid with Almonds, Raisins, cherries & other articles of desert. On sitting down a common vegetable dish of stewed chickens was

handed. Then a little tough but good. Then indiffere
ent Roast beef fully done cut up in chunks
was handed in like manner. The chicken had
a few delicious carrots with it. Potatoes were
the only vegetables besides, excepting a dish of
cucumbers shaved so fine as to appear like
mandarin somewhat, and so tough I scarcely
dare taste them. (Hundreds of barrels were
potatoes from Rotterdam were on the quay at
Hull going to various markets in England)
The beef gravy was thick like that often seen in the
Country with us. Then we had served in small
Soup plates Stewed goosberries and rich milk
(Goosberry fool they said) and delicious
The dessert inferior in quality. Excellent
wheat bread and also the Black Eye bread
which I preferred. Very excellent claret
and other wines Steward by the Steward on
Call. At Tea fine black, and coffee, cold
bread & inferior butter, but smoked salmon
in slices that looked like some rich orange
colored ~~beef~~ transparent fruit. a sort of
Hark, all manner of Sausages, beautiful ham
delicious anchovies, corn beef, Tongue, chure etc
The Black Bread which we heard the poor of the Pol
tic countries are condemned to eat, is excellent,
but I think not so good as our rye bread.
Evening, we are now and since 6 P.M. in the
harbour of Christiansand, a town of about 6000
people living in wooden houses with tiled roofs on
one of those ~~forests~~ wild & beautiful with which
the Norwegian coast abounds. Latitude $58^{\circ}10'$ about
I went immediately ashore, the town is clean, with
broad streets, houses all newly painted, apparently
and generally white. it stands on a flat surrounded
by hills of Rock I rented one of these and the view
was beautiful. Blue waters peeping out everywhere.
The whole country of rocks (excepting the straits or little
rich plains between them) ~~was~~ covered with trees
nevertheless, The Soil of the flats looks good and
white houses with red roofs of tile dot there in a most
pleasing manner all sheltered from the the high wind
of these Hyperborean regions. The sky is blue the
sun bright, yet it is cold. The town is very american

and much of the scenery of the immediate coast
to like Rocky farm shore and that of Connamut
from Blackwell cove Eastward to around the Deep
ling and half way up to the East ferry on Conna-
icut, one looking from a dream might easily
think he was really there. But behind the Coun-
try rises high, and frequently the pines and also
deciduous trees come down to the water edge.
I see apple, pear & plum trees, little orchards
about the town and hear that cherries do well.
Currants & gooseberries I believe are at home here.
Heath, Mountain Ash, Sander, common Ash, Elm
Shrub juniper, Lilacs are here. Hawth bells are all
along the road, various heaths among the rocks, and
thorn hedges about the fields. The Norway maple is just
in full grown seed in the green state. Sycamore is in
abundance; bridges are made of wood, as in Western
America, without reference to economy of material, or
skill in workmanship. I see no large trees, however.
The coast as we approached it looked very like that
of Rhode Island from and opposite Block Island Sound,
but on nearing it proved to be of small rocky Island
of a most rugged character, low next the water, but
rising high in separate ridges behind, where light &
shadow played a most fantastic part on the grim
walls at whose bases this countless fiord (bay or
Laker, answering to the ~~the~~ sea ~~entrance~~ coast locks of
tidal water locks of Scotland) of immense depth for
narrow waters. A large flock of Eider ducks
passed near our vessel, so like that brought
forcibly to mind our own coast where I have seen
so many of them - Gulls are sailing about us
in the harbour and the men are catching them from the
deck numerous fish that appear the same as
our "Tom Cod" and said to be very fine. A codfish
of some six pound too has been taken by one line.
The boats here are generally heavy and bear no
resemblance to the light things I saw at the Shetland
Isles, said to have been modeled on those of Norway.
Some, full of nets, passed us seaward under sails
with broad stripes of brown & white. In this sheet
I enclose some Heath from this point and Peat Blupom
which is the finest variety I have seen - There is a wood
the most far from this place that has been

burning 2 weeks, but I can see no light of it (8)
at 11.35 P.M. I could read the London Times very well
on deck by the twilight. The Captain thinks from 12 to 1
is the only hour in the 24 one cannot run read.
The people of the town are remarkably quiet
and orderly looking. Shops are open on Sunday
after 5 P.M. Chiefly Lutherans, a few Catholics
several people looking very little forth. Stand
on the little Island Rocks, that show neither gun
nor embrasures and none could hold more
than 6 cannon. Soldiers are about the town
standing guard so that look quite shabby.
There must be 100 vessels in Port, several of
them ships.

29th We left Christiansand at noon and
are now 11 3/4 P.M. in the Fjord in which
Christiana is situated about 40 miles
from its mouth. "Fjord" is nearly the pro-
nunciation, of these arms of the sea. The
day has been pleasant and character of the
coast remains unchanged, water deep &
very green. The stupid sails I mentioned
indicate pilot boats, not quite so large
as "Lark is Lunde" but decked excepting a
small space for stern sheet & helm. Captain
says these boats will live go out and live in
any weather. Competition runs high among
them, "they race for a ship and sail like very
devils and sometimes entirely down to the
bottom" If two of them are after a ship and
find neither can get advantage, one may
raise an oar vertically, if the other responds
in the same signal, it is an agreement
that one shall withdraw but both divide
all they may make that day. They are now
bind on the sail beside the stripes, and are
very numerous. Blackened are now being
caught in nets at sea, their nests about a
week, then follows the hook fishing. The fish
is very good here. Lobsters are deeper red than

are ours, when boiled, and I think much (9
richer. Salmon are caught in the fjord as
well as streams and 30 years ago were worth
only 20 per lb, but better & ice and steam
they are now 60 to 90 per lb to go to all
parts. At dinner I did not them nearly so
nice as the English or Quebec, but they were
only "picnic", young Salmon the had very nice
stewed veal, somewhat ala tortue, a remarkably
fine goose (roasted) though last years, very rich.
The small Brown bear is quite common in these hills
also the bigger black. The Brown carry off cows.
They dig a deep hole in which they bury them
for a few days before eating (our Bear likes hay
and keeps him alive as long as possible) The Captain
knew a woman, watching her cattle in the hills,
a Bear came at a cow, the spirited dam
sprung with a wooden horn about 5
feet long, beating the bear over the nose, then
struck her over the head taking out one eye
and scalping her completely. She was found
half dead, the scalp replaced, it grew on she
recovered. Had she blown the horn by the
bear ear he would have fled. As is the case
with other beasts, there rarely afraid, but Cappa
knew a woman who was met with one by one
in the hills, he took her in his arms carried
her to a stump and placing her beside it,
retiring a few yards the bear began to dig
her grave, when he had got deep enough to
take his head below the surface, she slipped
the stump in her exterior garments and fled.
Persons whom she informed provided to the spot
killed the bear and found the clothes torn
all to pieces. An acquaintance of the Captain
who had shot over 90 bears, finding others
one ~~had~~ engaged in his cavern preparing for
winter, peered a long time with sticks in
vain. Impatient, at last he fired at random
down down the cave. Brown not touched, but

insulted Salliced in great rage. The Man (10
ter in snow shoes 14 feet long took to his
runners but the bear pursuing soon put
a paw on the latter end of one of his shoes
protruding the wearer, who received a se-
vere clamping on the back and a good bite
in the nape of his neck. He has presence of
mind to feign death while the animal
was making his examination. Soon the
bear began to dig his paw in the snow, the
man got up ran off, loaded his gun &
returning kill the bear, his severe wound
nevertheless. When a bear is seen or heard
whistling in his paw, he is avoided as
one in a rage. Wolves are often very nu-
merous. Captain says he once saw 11 walking,
as is their custom, in single file, in the snow
following them the track of one wolf only was
visible, excepting that this track was a little
enlarged by the repetitions. Each steps ex-
actly in the footsteps of the leader, another
singular habit of the animal is that this
leader is constantly changed by giving his
place to the second. He simply wheels from
place to the second. He simply wheels from
the line makes a circuit and comes in
at the rear. It is supposed this habit of
the herd arises from the fact that the leader
has an easier part than the followers.
most people hereabouts own the land they live on.
Farm workmen have 8d to 1/2 per day. Sterling & board
women who do lighter work in fields 6d to 8d & board
Servants who live the year through with their em-
ployers, and are house servants rather, but ex-
pected to go the fields if necessary have 6 £
per year and found. In a climate like this
the work is necessarily very hard in crop time.
Hay and Harvest crowd each other. Work
commences at 2 1/2 A.M. They take 2 1/2 to 3 hours

rest at the heat of the day, then work till 9 P.M. (11
at Drontheim (Lat 63) Capt saw on 23^d of June the
ground as bare of grass as at mid winter. in 4 weeks
thereafter, the hay was being cut & stacked, and
the corn was ripe and cut in 6 or 7 weeks from the time
of sowing. 20 hours sun out of each day, must aid
very much probably in this speedy result. In winter
there is plenty to do. a buck place is filled with wood
and a dry stick stand up in the middle like
a stake to give light, all this is in the house &
here all sorts of work goes on, the head of the family
often reading or telling stories to the workers.
Slides are made, boats, all preparations for summer.
Wood is hauled from the mountains too, and hay
that is often cut & stacked there in the summer.
But the night before Christmas every thing is finished
for 3 weeks holiday - all the wood is cut split and
brought in, every thing that can be anticipated
is disposed of accordingly. When the dogs find
bears are in the vicinity they bring all the sheep
home, collect them in a pack. The cattle stand
outside then, and the dogs keep a constant run
around the whole. When Bruin comes he is seized
by the tail and so annoyed by these savage creatures
that as to allow him but little time to appropriate
to the object of his visit. I see occasional windmills
on the islands along the coast, though water power
abounds at the head of the fiord. The coast glitters
with light houses, very numerous here during the
long nights and fiercer gales of autumn.
I think Lumbur here on the coast is not cheaper than
with us. I see by a guide book an English gen
leman ~~show~~ offered me, that the country peo
ple much prefer the ~~20 shilling~~ notes of the Government
to silver. This gentleman and his friend are going
to the neighbourhood of Drontheim Salmon fishing.
Lord Leicester and his party ^{came} in the last trip of
this steamer on their way to the same point where
Sandhurst and his Lordship goes annually. His name
append a note of acknowledgment of our worthy Captain
kind attentions to, in one of the papers here.
Frederickshall or a light not far from it is visible,
where Charles 12th was killed. ^{It is now hard day light,} ^{read easily 1 A.M.}

Christiana June 30th (12

waking I found we were at the Quay of this beautiful harbour in which there are not so many vessels as at Christiansand. The town has 32,000 people and is up the Fiad 40 miles from sea. The custom house officer passed my luggage without looking at it. I have come to the Victoria Hotel, which is said to be the best but it certainly presents rather a dreary aspect after my long experience in England. It quite carries me back in some respects to our own frontier establishments, not a picture is on the walls. No carpet on the floor, of four chairs in the room, two are no longer capable of performing their office, a nice sofa however amply compensates this, and the place appears to be clean. The day too is quite American, bright and fine. Having performed the duties of a bachelor in way of rent buttons &c I am now quite prepared to face the town and call upon the Bankers. (Notes of 1-5 and 10 Dols).

I have got my Norwegian Money, simple enough if it were not for the mixed character of some of the smaller coins. Dollars here are divided into 120 Skillings, each of which is about equal (not quite) to our cent. The mile is 6 miles + $\frac{5}{8}$ + 40 yds English. I shall speak in English miles. The town is not interesting, much is wood, and several houses I see of piled logs one in Church St. (Kirkengade) a principal st. A new church of brick looks like a Mosque, and another of not much older date, nearly equally singular. A Priest of some sort looked most respectable but as odd as I probably did to him. People are courteous and many ship ~~carpenter~~ speak some English. I get along so far pretty well with any body I question, though I consider myself about as good as deaf until I get off the Continent again. Bishop Sumpton & several others passed through, by this hotel not long since. I believe can recommend all to register at the Inn - and on a large black board in the Entrance, are the numbers of all the rooms of the Hotel. Opposite are written in chalk the names of the occupants. For breakfast I had good bread poor butter bad tea. Dinner excellent chicken soup at Table d'hôte. There was plenty else

but I started none of it. Many houses are plastered (13
outside, which though cracked appear to stand
this severe climate pretty well. One bears date 1662,
"Cristy-gar-ne" appears to be the pronunciation
and it is spelled with an i, I had forgotten if
I ever knew before "Christiania" Wauburn have
iron bars in the windows, like jails same as Christian
land, and iron padlocks are on some of the doors
9 inches square and 2 inches thick. Over the windows
of very many houses & doors are the cloth pint houses or
shades used in America, like those of Apothecaries
Hall &c. Rather innocent looking citizen like
Soldiers are about the streets. I dare say when all
must be soldiers for a time by law, the rank
and file must be of far better material, than
when made up of the wretches that cheer the
profession voluntarily. I saw a Wag tail &
sparrow - also quite a field of heavy grass just
being mown near the town, at Christiansand a
flock of wild pigeons passed over that resembled
ours with shorter tails, not so swift, quite. We
came up against a current & pretty strong one,
but there is no tide on the coast at least as
far west as Christiansand.

Tuesday - Evening - I got into a sort of bucky the
seat of which resembles something not very different from
a big wooden spoon. A boy sits behind with a whip
while I hold a pair of reins of common rope knotted
for convenience of holding in going down hills. The little
horse, a leather coloured or tan, with dark stripe
along his spine, similar horn to that pair of the same
colour, brought me to this place near 14 miles over
a very hilly road. The country thus far is a singular
mixture of the wild, romantic and beautiful, unlike
any other country I have seen, while spots constantly
recall the interior of Rhode Island. The road is such as
we would consider very fair there. Lines of little Norway
Pines, withed with stakes. With, are of pine also. The
country is of hills of Pine covered rocks with rich spaces
between them. The debris of the hills lying in flats of small
extent but numerous and connecting. Houses are of wood

many of them quite large, frequently of logs flattened (14
on 4 sides - all look comfortable thus far. Some barns
very large though not near so extensive as those of the
Dutch in Pennsylvania. There of timber also. Buildings
are generally painted & very often red. I saw wild
strawberries in market to day, size about same as those of
Nanagansett. Rye is in head. Wild Muskhard is in flower
also the same wild rose or forest Prickles I saw in
England, but I think they are roses, the flower exactly
resembles the forest briar, but foliage is larger & not sweet.
Hooded Crows & swallows are numerous. The same or very
similar blue thistle is now in flower here, that is so beau-
tiful in Virginia &c. Small orchard of apples & pears seen
frequently and look healthy but diminutive. I saw
Cherry trees like our common red, but only a few blossoms
on them. I think fruit was set also. Some hedges but
small. ~~the~~ Norway Pine abundant is the chief tree
excepting the red Norway Pine which looks like our Pitch
Pine. The Norway is beautiful, but I have not seen a
tree yet in its native hills quite equal to some in
America and in England. Ash is plentiful, and both
kinds of the Birch as seen in England. Alder &c.
A telegraph runs in the direction of the road but
takes the fields very often in straight line.
A queer sort of 3 sided light castings of iron stand in
the corners of rooms - 7 or 8 feet high. There is a rail way
runs out of Christiana about 40 miles North - the
only one in the county - 1st 2^d & 3^d class & fares are
somewhat lower than the English. A cotton factory
is in the town also - a nice building. Wild gooseberries are
along the road. Pond lilies like our white ones. Mop like
the chopachet full of yellow flowers. I think I saw a double
ranunculus plenty in one field. A purple nettle (wild
tea) is in flower, very pretty. I saw Barbary buckthorn
of large size by Christchurch. There are Aspen trees &
something like black Italian poplar. White clover,
a fine tall pink Phlox is plentiful in fields. Alder is
here too, and one kind with a cut leaf and very smooth
bark. If it be alder - is very handsome. I saw Hazel-
thistles - &c &c. Our large Daisy in flower.
I have just been out to see the Ranunculus is
double has 12 petals. Norway Maple, Elm & Rowan
are frequent. but I have seen a large tree of no sort.

There are some beautiful single yellow roses (15
by the door of the posting house I am stopping at.
People do not entirely neglect flowers. Contrasts
with England are strikingly strong though in respect
to comfort. Birds seem very few. The swallows
build like our Rocky Mountain variety. "Norway
frozen shore" is no joke. At 10 P.M. now I am
writing without a candle. but it is cold, and has
been for 2 hours. I discover strong symptoms of
probabilities that I shall not include Norway
in future journeys - but it is well worth seeing
once.

Oppgaard July 2^d 57

I have made 30 hours to day in about 10 hours by the
posting process. The country looks like a den for beasts
it is most savagely wild. I came to a mountain
bow of about 1000 feet looking down upon a lake and
beautiful valley of farms after about 7 miles drive in
a country of rocks and trees without fence, excepting
when near an occasional cottage, or little farm cut
out of the wilderness. Since then I have been a valley
with a mountain I have yet to creep, before me, on
which snow lies in many patches. About the lake
are large farms if I may judge by some of the large 3
storied farm houses. These large ones painted white,
are from 60 to 100 feet long and barns in proportion.
Two of these were partially of brick, but log is the main
material in all buildings. Tile roofs, not a shingle
a fur with a sort of half round or slab lap work
roof - as we get to this less cultivated region, turf
roofs on low barns are common and on one I saw
3 pine trees, 2 of them 8 feet high & well spread.
They must have a good hold, for many a prostrate
pine among the hills testifies to the fury of winter
blasts. Houses yet are generally comfortable
looking, and good size. People dry counterpane,
doff their hats generally on passing. My last dinner
brought drink for me, and it was also offered very
politely by a woman at the post house he came from.
I forgot to mention an invitation and offer of service
I received from a fellow paperer to Christensen, a Norwe-
gian merchant there, just returning with his family.

a visit & tour to the Rhine Paris &c. Tea & coffee¹⁶
are excellent, but their eye bread is apt to be sore &
butter poor. The two Inns I have stopped at, Station
Houses, are large and finished inside in wood, instead
of plastering. Rooms enormous for country, the one I
write in is 25 feet square. There is a Piazza in front.
I saw a swiss house to day, on a hill and no tree
any where near it. The Norwegian rat probably
merits his ill name. The corn houses here are
large, and set up from the ground as are over
cribs, but with great precaution against these
vermin on every hand. The road I am travelling
has no hedges excepting in the valley. Wild flowers
are quite abundant. The English flycatcher not ab-
undant, and I saw a beautiful little blue butterfly
that looks just like it. The woods however, are per-
fect solitudes, save an occasional thrush not a
bird, not a woodpecker even, or crow. The vales
have none, then I saw one small hawk. Magpies
are numerous and frequently sit on the roof of
houses as if chirped. In England they are very
shy. I saw a few geese, and fewer chickens, at one
farm house I saw what I supposed to be a domestic
tid capercaille. Our red cherry is very small here
and a few Hesperis yet on the trees. a sort of whortleberry
or Blea berry is abundant. The bushes. The Monkshood
flowers best in the Pine wood, where its foliage is
very fine, reminding one of small 'palma Christi'.
dandelion, buttercup &c &c, most plants and trees are
represented in our own, the common red sorrel here
grows very high, as in England. Rye is 5 feet high
and thick, in full head. Some of that for next year is
already up, other is just being sown. ~~a few~~ The
fields are small and not numerous. a few field
Peas, also potatoes that look as forward as they prob-
ably are in Pt Jeddith. Some oats, garden vegetables
not various or numerous I think. Some bee hives
of straw. The only vines I have seen are Hops. One
Blue Columbine in a field. Yarrow. The service
tree of this country is a rich thing, also some pretty
varieties of birch family. The Juniper of Sweden has
puzzled naturalists, who have been unable to decide

if it be identical with the American. The kind here (17)
is not 4 feet high, like the English, and abundant.
I saw a flock of Starlings. The cows remind me of the
olden time in Massachusetts. The few sheep are half
of them black, but the women are white enough to
make up for it. Leather colored horses common and
I find them exceedingly tough. Hamps & carriages
very primitive. Noticed the last I drove had a bit
of straight bit of wood for a bed - perhaps all the rest
had. As there is but one main road I meet ma-
ny, especially little farm carts & wagons. The
utensils are also very primitive. Some tools I have
not yet deciphered, but I believe I have positively
ascertained that Damp skibbit means Steam boat.
Some of the road is sandy as Jersey - yet in the valleys
are hills 120 feet high, apparently clay to the bottom.
The use of streams here as in Maine, is to float
logs down to sawmills and ships. ^{at} A ferry to day
of 120 yds wide, they were going down with the cur-
rent and had evidently received rough treatment
~~amid~~ ⁱⁿ the cataracts amid the mountains.
One of these we passed, a fine body of water
falling 30 or 40 feet & very beautiful.

This house is 60 ft front 2 stories high, neat as wax
the outbuildings, barn &c must measure nearly 400 ft
long by an average 30 wide & ^{with height} 1 1/2 story high all wood
painted red with tile roof. I suppose it is a farm
but I see few fields any where but of hay no much
cattle I expect there are summer farms for grazing
& dairy making in the mountains and all is
moved down to the valleys in winter. Grass is large
& promise of much good hay. Some excellent clover.
Here on a southern slope is the largest garden I have
seen - Potatoes, peas, & Horse radish, look well enough.
beans tolerably, Hops look well, but a few cabbages
fresh turnips, parsnips, and 50 or 60 little onions
look miserably - in an especial sheltered spot are
3 or 4 pumpkin vines just beginning to run. I fear
they will never get far. a few common radishes look
healthy, but small yet. Red currants & black,
half grown - ~~green~~ gooseberries, wild ones, a few
small apple trees, and several winter killed, 2 or 3
Plum (I think) without fruit. Some lilac bushes.
an attempt at a ~~honey suckle~~ which winter appears

I suppose the altitude here has a sensible influence. I am 18
to from upon, a few common flowers. I am
sorry such folks have not more encouragement.
Pisces is very lively indeed. I believe I am in
the county of wild rein deer, or very near it.
By well mean I mean substantially, all is rude
in workmanship. I doubt if there be real carpenter
in these districts.

2d I have gotten along 18 miles and am now waiting
for horse. They say 2 hours yet. Such is the uncertainty of
this mode of travelling, which is otherwise tolerable. I would
hate a journey of the same distance on foot in a country
like England or Scotland. 10 miles to day in a sterile
waste of Fiesch, when for the first time I saw the kind
we see in Pictures with pendant branches, which let the
snow and ice off, or sustain them with less danger of
breaking. Some have thought they only a specimen that grow
from such weight, but I observe the infant trees are similarly
formed. The branches are perhaps stouter than those of the com-
mon Norway fir, but otherwise their general appearance is
the same. I think it probable the wood is less strong than
those of the straight or elevated branches. These droop in differ-
ent trees at all angles from nearly horizontal to about
25 degrees with the trunk. Many things when the soil is
thin are wilted, I heard at Churiansand there had
been no rain for 11 weeks. The road is very dusty. There
I saw English black snails and heather but none since
until some heather to day for 3 or 4 miles. For the first
time my driver, to day, was a man, looking very much
like a very plain country friend. Aup of Hornspun
coat peculiar, but like friend very much. A register
is kept at each station, on which those taking horses record
their names. I am struck with the small fine hand
of the signatures, which are more ^{or less} bad, but rarely good writ-
ting. Not an American or even that of an Englishman
than I yet been able to detect on these diary records.
A mellow sort of whistle checks the horse, and a most
singular grunt made by blowing through fluttering lips
stops him. This I cannot execute, and "who" has no more
influence upon the horse than might be expected from
a windmill. There are Service trees much like our own
and a ~~white~~ wild cherry, apparently, with much larger
leaves than ours, but no larger than a morello. I saw
what I took for a sturdy oak. Doubtless planted it across
such. I have seen no other. Coronilla that had just come
out of flower in England when I left, is at its height here in
every field. Also a flower often in our gardens a sort of gray
waxen campshade shape. I enclose some with the first
violets I have seen, and several other flowers. Varieties here
are even more numerous than in England, but not so

laye, and have not so green fields to them in as ours, 19
but grass is ripe now and mowing commencing, so it is not
fair to compare them. Hare bells ~~appear~~ to abound everywhere.
Cranberry tree in its white flower. I saw some raspberry bushes
on a warm sandy spot, wild, in flower. Only one, no brambles.
A pretty cut leaved wormwood is common. I have passed over
much decomposing, shale, I think, and have come to granite.
The mountains are just above me, a few snow spots on
them, I think not over 1000 feet above the hay field now
being mown. The scythe is very light, about 2 ft long and
narrow. a curious looking and very light handle, yet the
grindstones have a crank in each side, for 2 men to turn at.
The ^{you see the} multi-tides of outhouses is very striking and imparts
a most comfortable air to the farm residences. They are al-
ways often much decorated in a rude way - upper story fre-
quently overhangs at the sides, several feet. The architecture
combines, in some instances, the Hindoo, Egyptian & Swiss.
and often with very picturesque effect. Some Jack Knife
carving is not unfrequent. Then offices are large too,
Barn. Stables, meat room, wood house and so on. Wood is
very nicely split all ready for winter use a large house filled
with it, neatly packed. At one Pot house when I was offered
milk and found it very nice, the floor were sprinkled with
small sprays of juniper, by way of sand. The odour pleasant.
Then are good engravings there, also some when I laid last
night, and the 25 feet room in which I now write has 5 little
English scenes, Windsor Castle, Chatsworth, Hot Wells Bristol,
Richmond, Hampton Court. Several other engravings and 2
painted portraits. The ~~rule~~ ^{rule} here appears to be a bed
in nearly every room, in Norway. I saw flowers in houses
here is Oleander, Geraniums 2. Rose, Fuchsia, Petunias 2.
Hydrangea and some other plants. Lilacs are nearly over
and produce a small but sweet flower, though the bushes
look very well. Linen in all the house and window curtains
unmarkedly white and nice. I dined here on on a trout of
about 1 lb weight, very yellow, one of white flesh also, on table.
The universal eye bread. Then is a Rye cake here 2 feet in di-
ameter, thin as the thinnest tin, and much stiffer. It tastes
like a delicacy and I should think would be nice with
cream. far superior to Scotch oat cake which I found, muddy
and gritty 19 times out of 20. I saw Starlings, and a yellowham
mer to day. The mode of rest at present is on the ground, all
letrouses, men and women, there sprawl when unoccupied.
As I came to a ferry to day, a little bit of a girl went swimming
from the house as we approached, to awake dad from his nap
in the sun. Yesterday I met a Danish lady ~~porting~~ in a fine
carriage, I suppose porting. - They had 3 in the party and a Spanish
Coachman. She spoke English well and very kindly interpreted
for me, at a porting house. She could not understand my boy
(who had ^{had} very hard work in vain, to make me understand the
horse could not go down so steep a hill) but found a

triangular circuit by which all was made plain. The host being able to aid in the matter. I found this hill about a mile down, and at its base the beautiful lake I mention - I have come the last 6 miles along another lake, which goes much further yet, I see by map.

Chickweed, Ranunculus, broad plantain and dog grass are all here. There are no less than 14 out buildings about this house. The favorite wood for fire seems to be maple & birch. In one of these houses there is only a door, no window. It has a great brick oven like thing, with a small opening (say 18" square) in front. I suppose a work house for the winter. A Prussian is here sketching in oil - The big depending Pipe is greatly used in Norway - A mighty big pipe is a "mei sham," but I have not heard it named here, though tis same as the Dutch. The first thing I saw on landing on the Quay at Christiania, was a large number of huge horseheads of Kentucky Tobacco being discharged from a vessel. They looked very familiar though the casks were sadly dilapidated and patched & mended with various substitutes for the original hoops.

The growth of fir here appears to be about the same as with the same tree in England or America, though I have seen none of the extreme vigour which we sometimes excite by high cultivation. Every 2 or 3 miles along the road we come to wooden implements which I suppose is used in winter as a snow plough - made of planks about 2 inches thick and

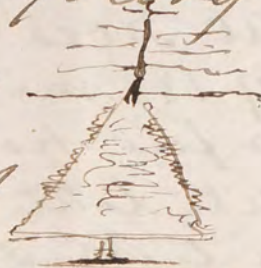


is about 2 feet in height. The machine is about 16 to 18 feet long and 9 ft wide at the broad end - It is a machine that speaks of terrible snow. Galvick - Evening - I did not get away from the last station until 7 o'clock and 5 minutes, having been detained there 5 1/2 hours. A memorandum I made on the Postal record attested voluntarily by the Prussian artist, I hope will save some one else from similar imposition. The Station Master had gone off with the horse & vehicle, government agrees with him to keep for the service. A return vehicle to this station brought me, by mere accident. It is admirable to see with what strength and judgment these little Norway Ponies take on up and down hill amid the mountains for the last 10 miles where many hills are 45°. These animals are very intelligent & docile as well as intelligent. Their eye is bright as an Eagle's. I saw a woman driving a herd consisting of cows, a few sheep and goats, to the house, I also met another lot of goats. I presume enough sheep, only are kept

for domestic purposes. The ponies are usually 21
hardly so large as the famous Star Port chief.

In the mountains I saw a few slender birches, very
beautiful trees, full 80 feet high - but not so large
or tall as those of the White mountains. The young
fir mottled by goats and sheep become almost
solid masses of foliage at the base of ~~the~~ young
trees within reach of those animals.

The mountain scenery passed is certainly
very fine. Some very high cliffs, by the way
side, a grand view of mountains on all
sides from the heights and shoulders we passed.



This place is on the flat plain at the head of the
lake down which we look and see it flanked
with mountains on either hand. I have this

view from my front Norwegian fire side, in
one of their ~~stone~~ tall iron stoves, in the corner
of the room as usual. It is cloudy and I have

candles too, the first I have seen since ship
board. I hardly need them, and am not writ-
ting by them, but my tea table is not by the

window. It is 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ P.M. I think these long days
make people take tea later, sit up later and
rise accordingly. Good white ^{coaf} sugar on every table

thus far. I saw the names of two old Adams
together, one I thought Warren Adams, a
note was in English and I thought they might
be from Providence. The names occur on the

register of the station at which I was detained,
and I think over a year ago.

The thin bread I mentioned is piled up in the
out store room like barrel heads, 4 feet high.

My apartments to night are in a separate house
from the dwelling and very nice they are, but
plain as can be. The chairs are marked in

white paint, large letters, on the front edge of
the rail under the seat, 'E. S. R. S. 1857' letters

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in long. Norwegian women have good
countenances, but I have not seen a hand.

some one. They ~~generally~~ ^{often} have something of
the Egyptian face. I dare say in the Capital
I shall see more refinement of appearance. The

is any thing but becoming, coarse & heavy. 22
The women in Christiana whom I happened to see appeared
to be of the town class, generally.

Saerdalsoren July 4th 57

I arrived here at 8 P.M. after having ported all night.
~~for some~~ and to day, without having seen a station I
could stop at unless the case were hopeless of a better.
At Does (Nap) the only village I have seen on this route
of 188 miles though there are many settlements where
a few houses and their numerous outbuildings look
like little towns almost. About 90 miles from here, I took
a light dinner of trout and bread &c at 4 P.M. yesterday.
and a light breakfast this morning at 9. where I got good
coffee at a house with a trophy of Reindeer Antlers nailed
over the door, and apparently recent victim. I now wait
my tea, with ~~very~~ little expectation, though I am at
quite a large house well painted white. These Norwe-
gians, all appear to read and write, all comfortably
dressed, to have no poor among them, and to possess
the feeling of freedom, but in many respects are not
far removed from Savages. Their ideas of comfort
are extraordinary, quite equal to any thing I have ever
seen in our Western inns and not very short of a
Vickburg or Bayou Sara Hotel in barbarous des-
titution. This is a proof of course where inability
to speak the native language combines with it.
I have been ⁽²⁸⁾ 28 hours getting 90 miles, with all the haste
I could make; you can judge what Norwegian porting
is. The Cost is just about 6 1/4 cts per mile, and the
charge for tea lodging and breakfast from 60 to 70 cts.
a meal is generally a mark or 23 or 24 cts. Though at Does
(that looked like a comfortable little village) I was charged
about 18 cts & This appeared to be a sort of Capitol, and
accordingly I saw two or three drunk. The first in the
country that I have seen. The town had probably 250 people.
nicely hemmed in by mountains. Bears and Wolves are
above them in the hills, a young fellow of 18, who is
clerk in the store of the Innkeeper, told me. This is a
very courteous boy who spoke English for all purposes
of common conversation, and pronounced remarkably
well. To my great surprise, I found he had acquired
all from books without an instructor. One is delayed
waiting for horses &c at the Stations, there come every 6 or
8 miles on an average, but in ~~some~~ instance about 15
miles or more. This to day in the higher parts of the country,

2 of the mountains, These Pines ceased and have been²³
rare since. The country is full of white Birch, chiefly,
I saw mountain farms too, and more cattle than in the
low lands. Hops I saw growing well in very high sit-
uations. There are generally in a little distinct yard,
I suppose for home brewing. The Monkshood appears to
rejoice in the cold. I saw it at the highest points,
(where much of it had been lately cut down by frost)
with leaves rich, and well nigh a foot in diameter.
I saw a hare in one of these high pasture farms,
coloured much like ~~grey~~ our Gray Squirrel. In the
pin Region I saw one Squirrel, Red and apparently
same as the English. I have seen no Gulls in the fields
as in England, but our beautiful Mackerel gull is here and
I saw him some 10 miles up the stream that comes ~~up~~ to
the Sogne Fjord at this little village of three to 500 folks.
It is on a little plain like the Munk at the head of the
Cove, surrounded by a wall high mountains down which
in front of my window is pouring a cataract, some 600 ft.
The Dampskibet does not go till Wednesday. So I do
not know what course I shall take, only one road
comes to this place, the one I took, but it branches about
10 miles out. With this new sort of Steam boat, I suppose
one might swear off all ill humours without sin.
But I am prepared to put up without vexation in
Norway. Such is the beautiful effect of nothing else.
I had begun to think this country had nothing but
difficulties to offer a tourist, but from this point
20 miles back is a mountain pass all the way, such
as I have never seen ~~but~~ expect it will seem a
mere gully after Switzerland. It abounds in those
tremendous descents of water, we hear of in America.
Some of them are very beautiful. I saw one which
I suppose must be nearly 2000 feet. I enclose some
seeds & flowers from that region. There are probably
a dozen or 20 that I saw, over 500 feet high. Most
of them run down the rocks, and are prettier far, to.
I cannot name them or name any thing else. I am often
entirely unable to find out where I am, though I
have the latest map at Christiania. I know I am
not in the United States, for there is neither Hurnah
nor sound of Cannon, nor any body drunk here to day.
Then folks appear to consider our great 4th not worth
a thought. We should send some missionaries, forth
with. Sign boards in England often told me when I was,
but not even that of Jonah is to be seen here. Mrs

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

Crystal Palace

THE REHEARSAL ON SATURDAY.

On Saturday morning the Handel Festival was inaugurated by a general rehearsal of the choral portions of the three announced oratorios. The whole scene was calculated to give a very sufficient foretaste of the musical glories of the week. The orchestra looked like a vast amphitheatre, and would be considered anywhere else as affording sufficient accommodation for a large audience. The space occupied by the orchestra alone is an area of 168 feet wide by 90 feet deep, an extent exceeding the entire capacity of any other music-hall in this country. The orchestra, in the form of a curve, rises from the floor at a front elevation of 8 feet, and is then carried, in a series of semi-circular steps, varying from 10 to 15 inches each, to a total height of 47 feet. These rises are 34 in number, of which 11 are appropriated to the band, and 23 to the chorus. Ample room has been given to the performers. The violins have 15 square feet, and the double basses and violoncellos 24 square feet for each desk. The choristers are all seated on raised benches; each person having 21 inches in width by 30 inches in depth. The organ, the greatest and most powerful ever constructed, stands in the usual position at the back of the orchestra, the rows of choristers on each side rising to the level of its summit. The instrumental band consists of 150 first and second violins, 50 violas, 100 violoncellos and double-basses (equal numbers of each), 8 flutes, 8 oboes, 8 clarinets, 8 bassoons, 12 horns, 6 trumpets, 6 cornets, 3 ophicleides, 8 serpents, 9 trombones, 2 pairs of kettle-drums, 1 large long-drum, and 6 side (or military) drums—in all 385 performers, arranged at 202 desks. The chorus, originally intended to consist of 2,000 voices, slightly exceeds that number; so that taking into account the chorus, the instrumental performers, and the principal solo-singers, this tuneful host is fully *two thousand five hundred* strong. The immense drum made by Mr. Distin for the festival, standing in the centre, between the organ and the band, is a conspicuous object. It is between six and seven feet in diameter; and when gently struck produces a rich and beautiful musical tone, resembling a deep pedal-pipe of an organ. When struck with force, its sound is like the report of a cannon. Such an instrument requires to be used with the utmost discretion.

The transept was nearly filled with a very elegant company; there were a few also in the nave, where, thanks to the judicious clearing away of several obstructions, there is quite as good hearing and seeing as in the more expensive positions. Having been amongst the earliest of the arrivals, we had ample opportunity for examining the general arrangements, and believe that everything possible has been done to transform this vast conservatory into a gigantic concert hall. The guinea seats in the transept are admirably arranged and classified, and, if not too near, will have nothing to be desired.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

On Saturday a special general meeting of proprietors was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street for the purpose of considering the provisions of a bill now before parliament to give the company a legal existence, and enable them to work telegraphs between Great Britain, Ireland, and Newfoundland, and for other purposes.

Mr. W. BROWN, M.P., who occupied the chair, stated that the meeting was of a formal character.

The Solicitor then read over the heads of the various clauses of the bill.

The CHAIRMAN said the bill had been anxiously and well considered by the board of directors, and he had no doubt would meet the assent of the meeting, as it was so framed as to place them exactly in the same position with regard to the Limited Liability Act as if they had been incorporated under it in the first instance. In conclusion, he moved the sanction of the meeting to the bill.

Mr. BROOKING seconded the motion.

Mr. DIXON said it was hardly fair to the shareholders to delay asking their assent to the bill, till it had actually passed the House of Commons and was before the House of Lords; for as the measure was intended to alter the whole constitution of the company, the shareholders had a right to be furnished with a sketch of the provisions, before application was made to parliament. His principal objection was to clause 25, which enacted that the offices and domiciles of the company should be in London.

The CHAIRMAN explained that he had been exceedingly anxious to leave that question open; but Mr. Wilson, the secretary to the Treasury, stated that the fixing of the offices in London was a *sine qua non* on the part of the government, and that if that step were not taken he should negotiate with another company. It was for this reason that the clause had been inserted in the bill.

Mr. DIXON said such a provision was a vital objection to the bill, as it would virtually place the perpetual management of officers in the hands of the directors who were resident in London—a concession for which the government had given no adequate consideration. He therefore moved, as an amendment, that the shareholders would not concur in the bill, unless there were added to the 25th clause the words “unless otherwise provided by a majority of the shareholders.”

Mr. THORNELLY seconded the amendment.

Mr. MOFFATT, M.P., said he had at a former meeting expressed his opinion that the offices must be in London if the government contract were to be obtained, and the meeting then generally adopted that view. He should be sorry if any objection raised upon that score were to stop the bill now. (Hear, hear.)

The CHAIRMAN repeated that the government had stated that they were prepared to negotiate with another company if that provision were not adopted. It must not be forgotten that the government had placed the Agamemnon at the disposal of the company for the purposes of laying down the cable. Considerable alterations had been made in her hold, and she would commence taking in the cable on Monday. It was absolutely necessary that the cable should be laid down before the August gales, and any stoppage of the bill now would have the effect of retarding operations for a considerable period.

Mr. BUCHANAN, M.P., felt the expediency of making London the domicile of the management.

In reply to a question,

The CHAIRMAN explained that clause 13, making the appointment of directors dependent upon the sanction of the government, had been introduced at the wish of the government, in order to prevent the success of any attempt to buy up the shares for political purposes.

MR. FISHFIELD said the government had from the first the undertaking in a political point of view as well as for their own

for domestic purposes, The ponies are generally 21
hardly so large as the famous New Port chief.

In the mountains I saw a few slender birches, very
beautiful trees, full 80 feet high - but not so large
or tall as those of the White mountains. The young
fir nibbled by goats and sheep become almost
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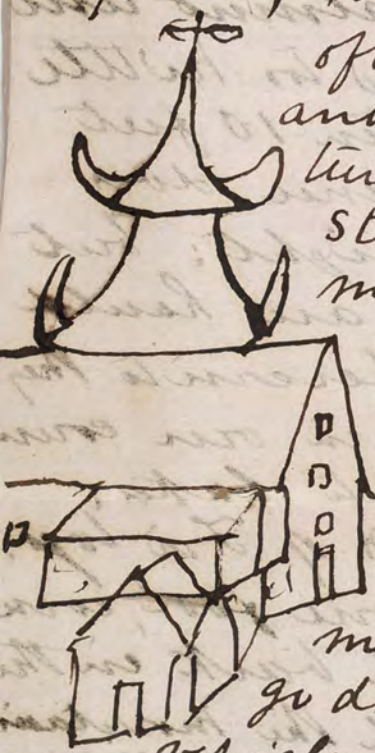


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one. They ~~generally~~ ^{often} have something of
the Egyptian face - I dare say in the Capitol
I shall see more refinements of appearance. The

although I hear the winter winds are furious, I (25)
think they cannot be constant or even prevailing
in the valleys. Trees do not indicate it. In some of
them I saw remarkably fine specimens of Mountain
Ash, exhibiting an almost equal distribution of
branches on every side, which would not be the case
if severe winds prevailed from one direction. I remem-
ber in the Delawan Water Gap trees are as marked
with the effect of such, as they are upon our sea
shore. In the garden at Roe I saw large quantities
of *Spirea* so like our wild Pink one, it would be
labeled for such in our fields. At Roe I found
this great national highway only $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide
from fence to fence, it is only fenced at the
settlements - and probably no regulation is found
nowhere - but the carriage way is narrow every-
where - ~~The~~ At I have seen, though stone is every-
where abundant, scarcely any stone wall. The
fence of the country is almost universally, of little
rails (split very small) from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high
with stakes on average about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart, with
as with us, some with brick wythes, but almost uni-
versally of young fir, which I had supposed too brittle
for such a purpose. These stakes are often 10 feet
~~high~~ high on an average - though the fence does
not require over half of that height. But
Firs are plenty. I see however that logs are hauled
quite long distances to the streams, wherever they
are cart to go down with the current as in our coun-
try. Here the rivers constantly expand into lakes.
In some of these I saw tens of thousands of Fir logs.
Some of them 2 feet through, but rarely over one foot, even
near the butt. They are all shaven of their bark in the
woods. I saw them in this state high up the mountains
far from rivers. ~~At~~ These elevated points the Fir &
Red Pine appears to grow about as fast as, or nearly so,
as in the valleys, but the buds of the firs have only
just got fairly in leaf, not 1 inch long, while
more of the Pines are not open at all in leaf, ~~but~~
and pushed not over 2 inches in this year's growth.
In this region I saw a boy and pig lying in the same
door. Houses are cabins, and at a distance look
like those on the banks of western rivers. This 188 miles
is nearly all by the gorges cut by the water and

The lakes they form are many miles in length (26 "
among the mountains. Tiles have given place to
roofs of board. On these I frequently saw birch and
other trees 4 to 8 feet high, and wondered they were
not destroyed by an existing drought that parches
the fields. I find however that the roofs are
double, an under one supporting a mass of
clay, a top one to protect it. This clay must be
quite a foot deep. Birch bark is much used in the
roofing, as we apply tanned paper under shi-
gles. Such moss as grows in our bog and wood, is
used also to caulk betwixt the logs of the sides
of houses. Slates are used on chunk roofs, but of a
very rude kind. A peculiar virtue would seem
to attach to them. a little gate way penthouse to
the chunk yard is covered with them. They are very
nicely laid, too, evidently by unskilled hands.
One church just building, was covered one half
with a tile roof, the other ~~with~~ the pulpit end,
of the roof with slate. The Churches are few and
very odd, very small too, Strange structures,
often higher than long, very rude workmanship
and painted with pitch, frequently very pic-
turesque, nevertheless. At the high pass to day
stakes stood by the road side for miles to
mark it in snow. Dangerous principles
are at the road side almost constantly
with no protection oftener than otherwise.
but the leather coloured ponies are suffe-
rent, At one point where we descend at
least 1000 feet by a winding stair it
might be called, so steep that ~~the~~ carriages
go down empty, I noticed the horses with their
vehicles went ahead, while their masters followed
in chat at a distance behind. This part of the road
has a good ballustrade, but these animals did
not appear to need it. Their strength going up hill
and judgement in descending is very remarkable.
They are good nature, though they carry something of
the demoniacal form and expression of the head and
face of the Rhinoceros. Carriages take the right in
the way here, as with us. In a mountain Pool
above the lower line of the snow spots, I saw what
appeared to be two buffle headed ducks.



"dipper" of our waters. The snow on the tops of the (27)
mountains appeared to be at least 30 feet deep. drifts
I suppose. In one of the lakes among the logs, I saw
a shell drake with 9 young. They appeared very like
our great pied "Merganser" we call "Brake horn"
which sounds like a Norse name, excepting two
other ducks that looked large, there are all I have
seen in these rivers. Trout I think must be abun-
dant. Many boys and men were fishing in some
neighbourhood. One deep pool I passed the driver
told me had trout 3 feet long. Some I saw, white
trout, weighed about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. A speckled trout
like ours, of which I saw a bunch, would not exceed
pounds each fish. Fish is none for fish.
The first thing I did this morning was to
get up in the afternoon at 2 O'clock. "Who grow"
that has been but just" much refreshed after a
journey I had not discovered, before, had fatigued
me. I have often heard it said beauty was not
all that was required in a wife. I find it is
true of scenery, at any rate. English with
their high notions of comfort could be allowed to
grumble at what they find in the United States,
I might be permitted to do so here. But as I have
seen much worse living in Dutchess County, in our
West, and a thousand fold worse in the South, I
get along tolerably well. Excellent coffee, bad butter
and fair rye bread though the black is the best, with
not bad cheese, ought to answer very well. Fish Trout
and Salmon are plenty, but I have not relished them.
One sort of cheese here is square like butter
looks as if made of gray sand - is very peculiar in
taste, aromatic, rich, very good - ^{almost} melts more like
sugar than like butter in the mouth. Looks some-
like French chalk too. The beds are of feathers, and
sheets of nice linen, but the other covering is a feather
bed, or down probably, for it is very light though
2 feet thick. I find my shawl a good substitute
for this. A single bed is very little wider than a steam
boat berth. At this Inn I am served with a sort
of thing that tastes little like sausage. Looks like
an Indian dumpling, cuts like Charlotte russe
but tougher. Pork spoiled by roasting as at Bethlehem
is also served. I pay my bills by ~~taking~~ offering a handful

of silver, or a bill, with signs for them to take (28
the requisite amount. I believe I have been fairly
dealt by. My watch has attracted frequent atten-
tion and great admiration, and "Americans"
much surprise and pleasure. My boy or driver
(latter half the journey I was generally driven by a
man who had in most instances room on the same
seat with me) generally told those whom he met
on the road I was an American. At some of the
Inns they came into my room and stared with
the simplicity of savages, but could read the inscrip-
tions on my luggage like Athenians. One
of my drivers exclaimed at the name. He
asked if I was from New York. I understood him
to say there were hazards in Norway. With this man
I passed a fall that appeared to flow from the bottom
crater of a volcano - a very grand scene. The fall was
fine, but too fine, like a thread. I should not be sur-
prised if it fell 1500 feet. The scene around was
awful, its primitive glow when all was molten
lava seemed ~~to~~ to still impress it. Now was the
"wreck of matter and crust of world" as impressed upon
me - One peak risen as from a cone toward
over all, evidently the remains of a wall of a vast
crater. By the side of this but 1000 feet below, flowed
the cataract from its awful verge. I have been
struck with the beauty of the water here, green as em-
erald as we look in to them, yet clear as crystal,
they do not lose any transparency, in the coloring
property. A tall lean man has just come into my
room with a paper &c, with much to say, and exceedingly
perplexed that I cannot understand him. Finding he
~~evidently~~ supposed I was Danish - I showed him my
Carpet bag, this evidently pleased him - He is a stran-
ger - from Saxony. I found he wanted clearance,
but strange to say, had no sign, I at once cleared
the matter up by going through the requisite paper
manual. Imaginary knife and fork ~~and~~ the desired
effect. We have all heard of the Norwegian Sheath Knife,
boys & girls old often wear, it is slung like that of the sailor
but generally in a round wooden case or sheath, which is
often much decorated with brass &c. The women wear a
multitude of tin belts ~~depending~~ ^{about} the throat -
apparently of black tin. The men wear on their calves
something like a round buckle, 1 1/2 inch diameter of the
same material. They have many metal buttons

in front on coat and vest - often bell shaped, black (29
ten or penter. Coats have no button on the back. A
sacket is often worn in stead, this is rarely over 9 inches
long, and is as thick as enough to an unaccustomed
eye - Short clothes are frequent, and some leather
trousers are worn. The simplicity under such
circumstances is a matter of course. Men and boys
have generally shaken hands on parting at the sta-
tions to which they had conducted me. At this Inn
a black eyed girl who waits upon me appears to
be in spirit with a rage all the time, quite an
exception to all recent experiences. I take no
notice of it, and she appears to be doing better.
It is likely she has construed some of my doings
unfavourably. To day is rainy, it was somewhat
so yesterday afternoon. The sky is clearer than England
but will not compare with the American. Wild flowers
are very varied and abundant. Some fields are almost
blue with hare bells. Ferns are very beautiful, many
flowers of very brilliant pink. A wild pea or vetch is
like jewelry, I enclose one as well as pink flower with
the fern in a previous sheet. A very pretty wild geranium
much like our crocus foot is very common. A wild Cherry
that produces its fruit in clusters as ours, but more like
the shrub kind we have from Doctra Fervens. This is a
small tree here, Not far from Christian I saw one
small low field being drained underneath, but the
tillage of the country is bad - potatoes & gardens full of
weeds. ~~There is but of~~ I think in the poorer land of
the mountains the farming is better. There are some
fields of barley (I take it to be) in this valley, now in
full head, that must give a very large crop per acre.
The tools are but a remove from those of savages.
A spade is of wood, shod with iron. That handled
but without the hand hold. I saw two of our kind
probably just being introduced. I believe in America
a man with one of these spades could not command
1/4 wages. The Plough is a curiosity. It is as a galliot
to a fine clipper or fine yacht or a stone hatchet to
a steel one. a portion of it is of iron. Its expression is that of
a hog in severe contemplation, where the ground is hard and
roots hard to get at, one catches outright. They are all alike.
The people are skilled in wythes. They make them
supply place of both chain and rope. Horses are hap-
pied with them, by connecting the fore feet.



There appears to be very little travelling in
these mountains, which I have now
penetrated nearly 100 miles. The traffic

is in little carts like a double desk on wheels, in which (30)
goods are packed, and on top lay valuable articles, such
as weather or perhaps thieves will not injure much.
I saw as part of the cargo of all these carts a very
inferior looking quality of dried cod fish. I was told
they were from this point. 3 or 4 of these were usually
together, I saw the horses of one of the caravans turned
out to pasture in the mountains, and the people sleeping
by a fire amid the rocks near the road side. They
had no tent, I did not find the night on the
mountains, nearly cold as I have found the Alle-
ghenys at night in the last of May. I think many of
the farms are inhabited all winter, and cattle probably sent
into the valleys where the hay is chiefly cut. Quite high up
one mountain I saw a church and the mountain ~~can~~
buttable looking residence by it. I observed frequent well
towers, like our old fashioned Narragansett ones, the descent of
which were through the roof of houses some 15 ft square.
On going into one of these I found a well therein, and
a sort of rude brick work fire place or stove, probably
a wash house in winter. A very common way of ob-
taining water is by a fountain constantly flowing
from an upright log into a large stationary tub, of
500 galls capacity. This probably brought from springs on
mountain side close by. I ~~saw~~ ^{noticed} but two persons with
black hair on the route, one of them was a very handsome
fellow. The fir off the mountains appears to have
attained nearly one half their seasons growth although
those on the mountains had only just started. I did not
observe any difference in the deciduous trees, but probably
they were behind too, although their verdure looked no fresher
than that of those below. I should think there must be
at least 3000 posts along one side of this road, with
marks on them indicating distances I could not un-
derstand, and other matters beyond my comprehension.
In space of one mile there were in some instances, as
many as 40. I notice in this village, most of its cab-
ins have roofs of boards covered with birch bark, and over
these a layer of earth about 6 inches thick, on which men
grow. Rows of pretty heavy stones at each end from eaves
to ridge, and also a row on the ridge, hold the roof
on, or assist in doing so. I have noticed the same mode
of fastening ^{or} very common along the road. As I write
I can see pretty large fish frequently spring from the water
of the Fiord where it receives the river. We are here
at sea level but water of the fiord is purely fresh.
There is a harbour where 3 small sloops (about 30 tons each)
are lying that look more like American vessels than any
sloops I have seen this side the Atlantic. A mile walk
down this lake is very pleasant (as far as I went). It is

hemmed in with steep high mountains of rock, the sea (31)
face smooth as glass so deep in their midst it
seem scarce possible a breeze should ever reach
it placid bosom. I saw but one wild duck,
several fishing boats were just rowing out upon
their vocation. There I find to be the same light
craft that is used in Shetland for the same purpose.
Several of Caye rocks nearly as big as Black Island
lie at the foot of the village & appear to be traders.
I find three mountain cabarets close to the town. and
see plenty of deer upon the ^{high} mountains whence they come.
All in the country wear shoes good and stout, but I observed
they were frequently carried along the road, as in Scotland,
very heavy blue stockings of wool appear to be worn by nearly all
6th - Last night at 11 I walked out to see how people
manged where there was no light. It was strange to see a
place as if deserted by day, excepting 2 women who
were talking together in the street by my inn, no one was
to be seen. Lights in the houses I did not expect to see as
a rule, but the two or three large nice dwellings
furnished no exception - doors were frequently open.
I was mistaken in supposing all had retired, for after
my return, I heard many people come into the inn, &
talk talking in the street. This appeared to cease
after midnight. There is a garden attached to the
house where I see Tansy - a dahlia 2 ft high in flower,
another that is 3 ft high, not yet flowered, various, stocks and
two red pinks. Lettuce, Nasturtion, Parsley, Turnips,
Carrots, and a small sort of onion or leek, comprise all the
vegetables, and these very limited in quantity. There is not a
bell in the Inn, and I call my amiable servant by knocking
at the head of the stairs. by this mode I get breakfast in
less than an hour - She is no Scandinavian, her eyes
and hair are full black. face round as an apple
& quite red. I met a little white hand son of Odin
yesterday to whom I offered my hand, he was a little afraid
and I gave him a small coin and paped onward. A woman
came out to him when appeared to be gratified at what I
had done. returning soon after, I met this little boy all
washed and combed, led by a little girl, with outstretched
hand, and very cordial. I gave him another coin and
they then gave me her hand. soon we were back by
the cabin where this scene commenced. Three women
sat on a bench by its door, one of these came forward
and took my hand with much earnestness and some
emotion - apparently of pity for the loneliness of the
stranger, as she properly supposed one must feel so
far from home in such a place. I do not feel lonely
however. though a good talk would be a pleasure I have
not lately enjoyed. This village is on a flat not 3 feet
above the lake - this plain looks not of 100 acres, but the

The mountains are so steep and high, it is impossible (32) to judge how much there may be. Imagine the head of the cove somewhat sharpened (of Narvik Run) and then a little extension of its mouth, surrounded by rocks nearly perpendicular 1500 feet high, with a log village of 5 or 6 hundred people close to the water, and you have this place - we cannot see out of it, and once is enough to see into it. I should like to go back to the grand pass I came through of which this is the ~~low~~ Lake end, but it is almost too far. The walls of our Cumberland gap it appeared to me, would only make a nice balustrade on the heights of this glorious gorge. A fine stream flows through, severing the granite in curves and bays, and just such were to be seen 150 feet above its present bed, in the sides of the mountains, which it probably made there 150,000 years ago. Rocks of 2 or 3 hundred tons weight each lie there in piles as they have fallen from the mountains, like pebbles on a beach. If Thor, will ask Fanny, I think she will tell him she has had a good many hearty laughs at me within the last week, and perhaps will explain the reason. The people in this neighbourhood appear to be poorer than any I have seen before in Norway. There is very little land, but potato patches are the best I have seen, vines are very green, near 2 feet high, and now in blossom. Wood is probably early here I see them hauling it in long logs & sticks 12 to 20 feet from the landing up the bally. Birch and Fir are up the mountain, but are difficult to get, I think. Alder, a few ash, and willows green in colour but like our yellow in form, appear to be the chief trees & shrubs in the flat. There is a pretty little golden rod here about 6 inches high just flowering. I saw also a few of various flowers picked in my walk to day. In which I found one wild strawberry. it was small, ripe and sweet. I attempted to follow one of the ravines of a stream up a mountain, but found on getting up about 400 feet ~~the~~ progress became impossible. There are few places that appear to be accessible. I saw a water ouzel amid the rushing cataracts, same as the Cayfish apparently. I had often seen very small buildings on the streams of the country which I had supposed were wash houses or something of the sort, to save labour. To day I had ample opportunity of solving this problem. They are quite mills, one I measured is $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet square inside, less than 3 feet from floor to base of rafters, at one end was a mill stone grinding away at the rate of not more than a peck of something like barley, per hour. This stone about 31 inch diameter, 6 inches thick at the centre ^{sloping to} and about 3 at the edge, or less. The door was locked fast, but a large piece of the roof ~~was~~ gone the lower edge of which not 3 feet from the ground gave me

ample opportunity to examine all, The mill (33)
Stone is fixed on the shaft of a little tiny tub wheel
which a man could make in one day. Old Cocoon
Thos. B. Hazard used to tell me that in the primitive
days in Nanagansett, that Benjamin Rodman
often went off to Tower hill to take tea with a
friend (2 1/2 miles) after sitting his mill upon a post.
I did not then expect to see such a picture, not
far below were 7 more of them about the same size,
all running but 2, and looked with one exception.
The miller seeing me came off the mountain side
very politely met me, calling my attention to stones
which he took for me to examine, He doubtless
supposed I was on a mineralogical excursion.
In Pennsylvania Prof. Cooper (I think) was found
under the same circumstances, but hammer actually
in hand, and condemned to some danger as a
necromancer. Doctor Leidy was rudely insulted
in Vermont for having incurred suspicion of look-
ing for silver on some boons farm. This Norwegian
was as rough looking as possible, and I would rather
not eat meal from his mill, but he was courteous
as a Londoner, in reality. Seeing a new white clap
boarded house, that would be considered a neat and
very respectable residence on Rhode Island, I crossed
the fields by a private road to its yard gate. The owner
came out asked me in and gave me a glass of very
good Madeira. We could not get much out of our
attempts to talk. I should think he was a trader
or perhaps a government employee of inferior grade.
I noticed a piano, and he had a new planting
of rather unpromising looking trees in front. His
roof looked like tanned felt. There are several
wops here of flap, some of them 4 or 5 feet square.
Pigs are almost the only stock I see, and not many of them.
There are no shambles, no signs of meat. I see an
Haramiah sugar box in the street before my inn,
but that on table is good loaf. I went into a little smithy
the man was very civil, used charcoal, making a horse
shoe on a little anvil, the scene very similar to the
same with us, as also the saw mills. The axe of this
country is not over 2 1/2 inches wide on the cutting part
and the hoe is not much better. Though
[Some of them are such as were used in Pennsylvania
30 years ago - a boy was fishing with artificial fly
from a bridge - I took a few casts, but neither of us
was successful. Women I met in the road often knitting
as they walked, and all wearing a most formidable looking

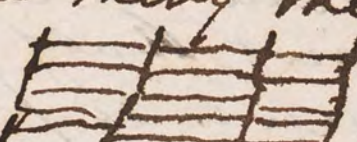
white cap, something in form of a turban. The church (3)
is on a mile up the valley, a very odd thing
with its tiles overlaid with spruce poles to keep the
wind from blowing them off. Suggestion of severe gales
this, even in this deep hole. Half the houses have
more or less tiles off, wherever I have yet been, but
the roof appears to be tight under them, for I often
see a place of 3 or 4 feet square exposed, even in the
good houses. French windows appear to universal
in the good houses. A few snails and the pretty
little blue butterfly is all that I meet excepting
occasional fleas of the insect tribes, in this locality.
I wish I could save some of these for Doctor Lidy or make
him perfectly happy by sending him a new bottle. The
rest of the creation is comparatively of little account with
him. I dare say he is directly descended from Cheops.
The mills I spoke of, have no "kerbs" excepting such as is formed
by a little ridge of waste meal. Mill stones I saw by hun-
dreds at Christiana, and they appear to be the chief article
at the landing here. One pair nearly as large as one used
in the flour districts of all other countries, and many
hardly over 2 ft diameter.
8th. I took a walk to day as far down the fiord as the
path goes. I was quite mistaken in supposing there was
no tide. There are several feet, and I saw rock weed on
the stones, and can perceive a little salt I think, in the
taste of the water. I found several strawberries, but nearly
all Norway thus far is sterile rock. Firs grow wherever there
is a notch or crack in the mountain, nevertheless.
In the deep silence I could hear the crumbling, the
melting away of the mountains. The descent of detaching
stone that lies in debris at the base, most of it worn to
sand in its long descent against the face of rock.
It is plainly seen that this fiord as far as these
mountains may extend, (and I can only see them,
and higher, for the distance is one entire field of snow)
must inevitably be filled in time, and very probably
its stream dammed by debris to hundreds of feet
above its present level a great lake flowing far
up the valley into the country. Some of these stones boom
like a little thunder when they strike some ledge above,
others crack like a rifle, then a long rattle, frequently
at intervals indicating a huge descent to the next land-
ing place. I could see none, they were on the opposite and
steep side of the water, which is well nigh $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile wide.
I have caught two or three words, but have no body to hold them
while I go out for more. I am sure noise is not difficult
to acquire. Make an English word or two.

and you will probably find it very nearly translated to (35)
Korve, a few more such and it will be complete. Dag Bog
is Dag Book. There is more or less rain every day, but very gently.
I should like a good dinner. The English are now about to dine
very many of them close their windows a dinner and light
candles, during long days, to have the darkness they are accus-
tomed to at this meal, most of the year, by virtue of late dis-
cussing and early sunsets. I noticed Matt Vinegar was commended
in the papers advertising pickles. I find in the garden here a
few other flowers than those before noticed, *Saint Willian*, a
Phlox, not like the wild. I see plenty of the large yellow water
butter cups about the brooks but no crop. One fine large marsh
flower however. Night shade, *Bruce's*, a very pretty variety of *Mullein*
about 15 inches high and delicate. Wild Chamomile with a flower as
large as that of our daisy. Various *Thistles* & *Nettle* everywhere. In a
yard with a pretty high wall under the side of the mountain I
saw Pear, Plum, Apple and common red Cherry trees. 27 good
size. Bats are here, many swallows and Wagtails, which are abun-
dantly catching, but I see few insects for them to prey upon. The
sparrow appears to be the same as in England and tolerably numerous.
Here they are considered by ^{some} farmers intolerably so. I notice most of
the tiled houses hereabout are secured by a pole to each row of tiles.
I never saw such a precaution in England although that is con-
sidered a boisterous climate. It must be a rough gale to take
a tile away. In one of my walks to day to another waterfall, I
met my friend the Miller again, a mile from his mill, as I ap-
proached he began to break stones again to show me, a young fellow
who appeared to be his son, gave me some tin ore, which they mine
just over head. In conversation this boy drew a map of the world
on the ground, evincing a tolerably correct idea of the relative
position of its different portions. I am in 60° and find it easy
to read at any time of night by the sky. *Mignonette* is just flowering
in a garden here, but *Poppies* and *China Aster* are but plants yet
the air is frequently very balmy, and it is so to day with a high
breeze, but I find a shawl desirable even walking,
most generally. The summer is considered remarkably ear-
ly here, and there has been unusual amount of rain in
this neighborhood, although the drought is so severe
just over the mountains toward Christiania. Barley
is already in full head, while in other parts of Norway
have only seen it as grass, I think. Wheat is raised in Nor-
way also, and I hear some Indian corn, but I have seen
neither - they are in particular districts. Cold fish is a
common dish. I have seen two persons here (both strangers
one a German) who talk English, they are going on the same boat
with me. I enclose some ferns gathered to day, and an auto of Capital Palace orchestra.
Bergen 7th mo 10th
Arrived at this pleasant looking town of 25000 people
where I am told are favoured with 200 day, rain annually,
last evening in the Steamer Patriot. I find a most
pleasantly situated hotel, have a good large room, and the
luxury of a mattress, for first time in Norway, and which
was also rather a rare thing in Yorkshire even.

I called for fire in my stove, The servant came up again (36)
with a bunch of matches, evidently persuaded below that
the must have misunderstood me. The Landlady then
came up and was much astonished, evidently, to find
it was "feere" really that was demanded. They are very
kindly folks and every thing is very good but the butter, this is
abominable in all Norway, so far. In the Steam boats and
at some of the Inns also, the charge is made for a meal
as with us, ~~but each~~ and then each cup of tea or
coffee is charged in addition, as wine or beer would
be with us, and is served accordingly. On board the Steamer
I met two German tourists, from whom I heard of the death
of Mr John Mayer, which it seems took place about 2
months since. One of them told me he was the
great banker for small merchants and would be
satisfied by them exceedingly. One of these gentlemen
gave me his card and offer of services, Fridr. Kochmis
Pesth. Taxes on income from real estate in Hungary
are 25 per cent and they are 5 per cent on income from other
sources, and growing worse yearly. A young lady of 19, of
Christiana hearing I was an American, came to me imme-
diately on our getting on board, introducing herself in good
English, expressing much interest &c all very pretty. She
said she had seen my name on a register at one of the
stations and told her friends she was quite sure she would
meet with me. She speaks several languages, is very bright
and sensible, with a most ardent desire to see the world.
She ~~has~~ has been as far as Hamburg, I think twice
a Mr Matthy from Bangor Maine, who has been some
time at Christiana, and just left for the North Cape
with a Mr Hall from New York, appear to have made
a most favourable impression upon her both of himself
and his Country. This lady said I ought to see the
most famous church in Norway and over 1000 years old.
I found it was the one with the odd turns I have given
a rude characteristic sketch of. She sat on deck with
her all night. She got off to visit a friend at the little
town of Sogn dal, where a pleasing scene of higher civil-
ization presented itself and I felt as if returning to com-
fort and the world once more. Here I saw on the south
slope what appeared to be an orchard of 30 or 40 acres of
quarter grown apple trees, ^{planted} at double usual distance.
I was told the place was famous for cherries. I saw a
large garden, that looked as if full of raspberry vines
and perhaps other fruits. This route is said to be over
300 miles, ~~over~~ half of which is in the "Sogne Fjord". The
waters of which are as green as ever was painted on a window
blind to contrast with white. Farms, houses and hamlets are
by its shores, and there are often green as England, where the
rocks give way to a slope of land big enough to support a family

and flat enough to allow ~~one~~ to walk. There are now 37
even often at very long intervals. The trees are allowed to
grow all about the pap land, and are very pretty in
effect, deciduous, and none large. For the first ~~75~~ miles
the scenery was much like that of Lake George without its islands
and for 75 miles very like the Hudson Highlands, but not
equal to ours, in either of these instances. Coming among
the Islands with which the entire coast of Norway is studded, the
Scene becomes almost exclusively of Rock, no trees excepting in
sheltered spots, and at some of the places where the shores on
either hand were low, I was most fully reminded of the
Shores and Islands of rock between Stonington and New
London. This Fjord of Sogne is said to afford the finest scenery
of any Fjord in Norway. It is very delightful, and mountain
streams pour down hundreds of feet on every side. One green
looking glacier being on the side of a mountain, with
another on either hand. I was surprised to see snow, within
100 feet of the water level, in many instances, and it
still lingers in large spots on every hill along the fjord.
The waters are frozen about 4 months annually, although
a good strong tide flows from the sea direct, and
the waters are apparently deep. Sledge pass them
in all directions, as we get within 25 or 30 miles of Bergen
the Rock term to grasp again, trees and houses are frequent,
and the way between the countless islands often very narrow,
so as to require slow speed and an active helmsman.
A Fjord is simply a ^{Lake} bay, or often a sound. Long Island Sound,
Naragansett bay, would be Fjords in Norway, and each separate
branch, as New Haven bay, Mount Hope Bay, also a separate Fjord
with a separate name. We went into one little bay a most
romantic place of only a few acres, with a good sized white house
and a red roof in a most snug green nook, where flags were
flying and a large boat with a large flag, full of folks was
lying expectant of our arrival. Our little brass screw
which had been sticking upon its mounting on the stern rail,
had been taken forward some time before, and having happened
to observe this movement I was not unapprehensive of noise.
Directly down went the anchor, off went the cannon, and to it
responded several from the shore which I soon discovered to be
at the base of one of the flags whose standard appeared to be
braced with cord work. The boat came off, and people and
luggage, much, came aboard. People in Norway when they
get married really believe they have done something won-
derful, or rather to be made wonderful, This is the second
testimony of it, that I have already witnessed, for here was a
wedding party. I ~~did~~ not ~~know~~ ^{know} the room, but
amidst the luggage was one bigger trunk than the rest
marked with iron nails **HIM**, and I suppose that to
have been him. All was now smoke, drink and

Song and good humour, not noisy. I went to the (38
Cabin took a doze a few minutes (having been all night
up, besides waiting in a boat 6 hours for our steamer
which was that much behind her time at Saerdalsoren)
from which I was aroused in ~~what~~ midst of what
appears to me to be a sort of dream of being in a
hall of Odin. There folks had brought their pipes &
flaps and accordion and ^{now} roary song in to the cabin.
The accordion very well played. By the way I heard a horn
(I suppose of the Mail) at Saerdalsoren such as I never
heard before, or even to compare to it. Whether the moun-
tain gave it such peculiar effect or no I cannot
say. I see that amid the high hills about Harpen
Fjord to have been very much charmed with those in the
Cane boats giving warning to the Sork, but they can
now compare with this. The universally honest face of
the Norwegian is a most striking feature of the country.
The numerous boatmen and their friends, as we were
waiting at Saerdalsoren afforded a pleasing study.
One was a picture of Hogarth cap and all, He was
quiet, but one of my oarsmen, with a most sleepy
eye, but whom I had decided to be a great way,
~~appeared~~ ^{proved} to be less taciturn. The steamer being given
up for the present, conversation ensued upon the
surprise which had aroused it. The boats huddled
together and my sleepy looking Charon kept the
crowd in continual movement. I was sorry to
lose it, but there was no help. Norway is paradise
for smokers. The privilege of the pipe appears to have
no limit. These people spit about on the floor as
badly as Americans, I mean not the worst included,
that would bring to them a severe drought directly.
I noticed one countryman with a lock and key to his big
leather purse. The flap twinkles about the neck of the
vulgar, of the great map are quite as remarkable
as those of black tea further up the mountains.
The two German tourists are going to the Hardanger
up the Fjord of the same name. There is a fine glacier
there, the highest mountain in Norway also, Not very
far from this, but I shall not go. There is no hill
in Norway higher than Mount Washington N. Hampshire.
These gentlemen, speak some English, as has been the
case with every one of their countrymen, I have yet
met this side of the Atlantic. I think heads of Europeans
are very differently shaped from those of Americans. They
are rounder, and bigger at the base. An English letter
told me, they shipped hats to America on an average

38 "half of a size" less than ~~are~~ worn in England. And (39)
I have found no difficulty in getting ~~the~~ large enough
in England, whereas in America, I often have been obliged
to go to another shop on that account.
Bergen is a most pleasant town and although its
trade is exclusively ~~almost~~, in fish and oil, its
streets are as clean as a daisy. I cannot find
one that is not so - no mean vile places as we
see in some parts of every town of this size. The houses
are nearly all painted of wood painted white, occasionally
a brick building, plastered over, and seem to stand the
climate. Roofs are of tile, many of which are black
and glisten as with coal tar but I presume they are
glazed in baking. The Churches are not many, but
odd as ever, and mosque like - The whole town has
a village like simplicity (which both Christians and
and Christians and also papists) and the shops are
unlike any I have seen. No importunity invites
a visitor, and the windows scarcely exhibit a sign
of their vocation. One dry good shop seems more
like a stall, than a store. The immediate vicinity
is very pretty and picturesque, and most pleasant
walks by water and at the base of the high rocky
hills or mountains that encircle the town and
its narrow environs as with a wall 1000 feet high.
The day is bright, and I found a long walk very
pleasant. Women were making hay, ^{without forks} and I observed
how as elsewhere in Norway, they stee the grass on the
ground and then put it on temporary trellis work
to finally cure for the barn. These trellises are only
a sort of temporary fence about 5 feet high, of
stakes at proper intervals to which are fastened by cords
or rather horizontal poles - on these the hay is heaped
and the whole thing then presents appearance of a
green wall like the fence  - The wild rose that is so
like the Scotch thorn is abundant and in
full flower. I saw a few planted oaks, some horse chestnuts
and walked in a long avenue of Lindens or Limes.
I thought I saw heather on the hills, and am sure I did
from the steamer yesterday, when near here. I saw also
alder, and what I took to be Elder in full flower.
In the market I bought some blue berries which are
now before me for tea. I see some wooden shoes,
all are comfortably dipped. The harbor is pretty with
many vessels, a few ships & large steamers among them.
The people of Norway have full round lips very like

More of the people. This feature is very general with (40)
both people, and they are often cherry red.
I called on Mr. Johnson the American Consul and
found him very polite. He is a native but speaks
English well. I find many here who speak it. He
asked after Mr. Arnold whom he saw here, and de-
sired very particularly to be kindly remembered to
him. I suppose it is Gov. Saml. G. ~~See that~~ He told
me it was unnecessary to do any thing about my
passport, that Americans were not questioned
about one, and the vice was entirely unnecessary
in Norway. I have not had to show it yet & been
asked for it. I see the name of Eriksen here.
A tide mill was grinding at rather better rate than
there about Lae & Solroek. In one of the Church yards
I noticed the tomb - many of which are simply a square
platform of earth elevated some 15 inches from the general
level, then are plants with roses and other flowers.
on several was a weeping ash. These flower beds
graves are without stones. They have an iron cross
with a tablet which bears the name impressively sim-
ple - "Carl Hansen" no panegyric - not a word of
any sort. I presume the date and age are somewhere
but I did not notice. On the heaved stone I saw
there were only name and date. There is a tide of
8 or 10 feet at Bergen. The winter, they say, is about
as cold as that of Quebec, but the harbour is very
rarely closed with ice. I find several here who
speak English. The ^{chief} shipkeepers as at Christiania
appear to have more or less of it, ~~with~~ importance is
being more and more appreciated, and I hear
it is beginning to be taught in the schools. German
is also spoken by many. I found the black berries
excellent. How glad I shall be to get somewhere
where is more fruit and greater variety of dishes.
Even in England they have not half the variety
we have in America. Bergen is so pleasant I
should be glad to remain a day longer, but
the steamer leaves for Christiania and interme-
diate towns tomorrow morning. I came here with
intention of going by Drammen and Hummerfest
to North Cape and thence across Lapland to Tornea,
but I find the communication is not good
and a month at least will be required for the
journey, which offers too little for so much time.
Steamers here are slow, but more comfortable than the English
boats. They use coal which is imported thence.

on board Steamer Agas, off southernmost point of Norway (4)
July 12th, 1857 - We left Bergen yesterday morning and
for 60 miles sailed amid islands of trees, rocks, with
villages, and many a most comfortable looking home
on the sheltered sides of most romantic little lakes
like bays and inlets. As we got near to the coast
the islands became more corrugated rocks, with
occasional exceptions in sheltered places. The Rock,
End of Rhode Island is often represented but the general
scale is as a thousand to one on this coast. We passed
close by 5 stones standing on a hill by the shore, called
the 7 maidens, two having tumbled down. They are
so slender. I at first took them for whale bones. One
of them is so tall that with aid of an iron rod
planted in its top, it serves for a telegraph pole,
the line passing the narrow straits here, sub-
merged. Although there are many houses and the
fields are green, I should trust if the poles were sup-
ported by a heap of stones about the base, I pre-
sume the rock does not admit of other support,
a taller but single stone stands close to a church
on the opposite side of the little town. These are
doubtless Druid remains, a relic of a semi-bar-
baric system of religion. The richness, wildness and beauty
of the 60 or 70 miles next Bergen is a perfect romance.
The whole coast of Norway is a harbour, it is studded with
numbless islands, of every possible form behind every one
of which is a secure refuge, where no wave of the sea can
ever intrude. Amidst them are numerous towns,
at most of which, our steamer calls with mails &c.
They are all comfortably looking, white houses, red tile
roofs, in a sort of fairy region of bays and islets. The great
characteristic of them all (for they are supported by fishing)
is the great number of large 3 story fish warehouses, that
occupy all the wharves and water lots, with frequent colonies
on the pretty little isles that may happen to lie in the
harbour. These warehouses look like large grist mills
and without them the dwellers among these rocks
would have but little bread. Doubtless the old sea
king, found they must either fish or steal.
The water below Bergen were a singularly perfect light blue,
in colour. Our steamer is very steady, and I find several
passengers who speak English. It is only a pretty accurate
knowledge of language however, that can render conversation
interesting or instructive. I find an advocate who is
also a ship owner in the Rio trade, very attentive. The
pipe is universal, in all and every form, but without
ceremony. Smokers should travel in Norway. The Norse

figure and physiognomy and form of head is more (42
like the American, than is the English. I allude
more particularly to the better classes in Norway, of which
our cabin passengers are composed. They have 3 degrees of
passengers, but all have a reputable look, and many
whom I suppose to be sailors have very little of the Jack
Tartan look. They are thoughtful respectable looking men
well dressed. One came up to me yesterday, addressing
me in tolerable English, pointed to a hill in the distance
saying his mother's home was near that. That he had
his sweet heart with him and was going to see her
after 4 years absence - He had been to New York once -
Said he was a seaman only - I should have supposed
he was a mate, I think must of them who speak English
address me, as an act of politeness. Several have been
in New York or Philadelphia. One in Boston who said
his daughter married a Lockwood from America, and
came to Bergen to live where he died & left children.
The people have large bony hands, although I do not per-
ceive that is of wood is remarkable, not only trunks and
chest boxes, but all kinds of "kitts" as seamen would call
them, are of this material. Band Boxes, of the same, leather
trunks are exceptional, boxes with such keys as Pistol head
Tom might be supposed to have made, fashioned in his
happiest moments of inspiration. Their ships and
schooners however, have more American grace in both
hull and rig than any I have seen. I should hardly
have supposed I was not in an American harbor
at Bergen or Stavanger. Near the latter place I saw
much weather, and mountains inland were awful
to look at, with their clouds and shadows for I was
cold when I was. Just before coming to that place
the scenery of the island of rock reminded me forcibly of
that of the Island about the Hole in the Wall, off the
Florida coast. I have seen no snow since I came
out of the Sogne Fjord, beyond Bergen. We are now
dodging about amidst the little bay straight and the
as if the Lady of the Lake had taken command of a "Damp
skibbet" how portical, "light damp skibbet" in
chance of such fine cells as we had yesterday for dinner.
Then fish were cut up and cooked with curry and
the first rice I have seen since leaving America, served
with them - The Cooking is good. Good Sherry is given
at 1.10 cts (Norway Dollar) per bottle and Claret at 75 cts
of good quality. Having gotten around the South point
of Norway, we are out of the way of rude North Western
so that deciduous shrubs and small trees begin to
cover the rocks - amid these some flowering shrubs, and

22 I could distinguish one nutmeg honeysuckle (43)
just flowering close to the tidelip sea, for that has
ceased since half way from Bergen. Much of trees
are stunted but fresh verdured aspens. I noticed in the
mountains on my journey across the country, where
these trees are not very numerous, they were almost
universally topped. I could not learn positively, but
believe they are cut off for the goats to pull and eat in
the winter. I could see the fallen branches in but one
instance, those were pulled as by goats, and Miss Victoria
(Dogglegag (it sounded like) told me she believed such
was the object. She also told me the Sogne Fjord was em-
bedded ~~one~~ of Storrways finest. It must resemble a
fine broad bold river, occasionally broken into a
lake or ~~or~~ rather its recesses among bays or islands.
Lake Geneva would be a Fjord here. I have just seen
two large shell drakes in a little cove, much alarmed
at the Damskebitt. Gulls are not very numerous
there is one very fine one, all white but the back
of his wings, which are very nearly black, or dark.
I do not see half a dozen wild ducks in a day. I saw
one small flock much like our wild black duck, but
not so delicate in the neck. Not a castle or ruin of
any sort have I seen. At ~~the~~ chief towns are some
insignificant looking forts. Many of the ladies who
come aboard at the stopping places bring beautiful
bouquets, so that the cabin is constantly replenished until
they go ashore again, where others supply their places.
Among them I see a double Canterbury bell that is very
deep blue and not distracted with the sharp like ours,
but an orderly flower, that takes the outrage quite as
a matter of course. Gentlemen on entering the cabin
doff their ~~hats~~ hats, which is not the custom in England.
In a large 3 story house at Stavanger, under the windows of
which our steamer anchored, I observed all the windows
full of gazing ladies and gentlemen in dress, exchanging
recognitions with our passengers. The Captain informs me it
is the house of his brother in law, who has a party and
that the place is particularly noted for its gaiety. It seems
odd, an evening party, without lights, all broad day light.
Captains in Norway are respectable, not excluded by their
stilette as in England. An Innkeeper, however, is otherwise
regarded. Preferring not to get up early in the morning to
the steamer, I took a berth on board (at Bergen) for the
night. about 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. a boat came off to her bringing
a Bergen merchant, who had made the passage with me
from Lardaløen. He had been exceedingly polite and

took much pains to procure such information as I (44)
desired. He would hardly have done with apologies for
not having called earlier, I had told him I would be
at the Hotel 3 days. He had been there and surprised to
find I had gone to the ship. He is friend of Miss Jos
ephine, who had introduced herself to me on board
the Steamer, and who is daughter of a clergyman.
He regretted he had not known of my change of plan, that
he might have been able to serve me with the requisite
information. Speaks English well enough for such purposes.
Evening, I little thought exactly 2 weeks ago when I landed
at Christiand, so short or any time would find me there again
but so it is. Our steamer stops here now, as then, for the
night. I spent a couple hours in a walk on shore from a
rocky height I look down upon the little rich plain which
surrounds and furnishes a site for town. A single steeple
breaks the level monotony of its red tile roofs. I walked in the
cemetery near the town - where many graves were deepened in
full bloom roses, and people sitting by some. Wooden settles
are frequently kept by the graves where friends of those in the tomb
sit. These benches, like most things in Norway are ^{often} marked
with the proprietors names in paint. Weeping ashes abound
and entirely hide some graves. I find ash from the wood is
planted by a new grave, and there engrafted with pieces
of the pendant sort. The entire town appears to be in the groves
and walks and fields, in the core out of the place, and I
heard many martial music in the shade. Sabbath, but
after 6 P.M. A solitary yellow jacket reminded me of
home of my youthful conflicts in thickets of Chester Co. I saw
Brambles in flower and with small fruit, on sunny sides of
hills and rocks. A few oaks were there also, true Norwegian, like
the English. I am just coming to the ship building towns that
make this timber scarce and valuable. I saw trees are here
that look well and with good stock of young fruit. also apple
trees with small apples that look healthy, and English cherries
just turning red but look hard and lean. Gooseberries yet
green, currants just turning red. The first. Apple I have
seen, are planted here. There is wild white peed of Meadows
Canada thistle appear to be as free as the true faith is in
America, but both this and dog grass in Europe, are slightly
different from ours. I see the name of "Christian Lof" at a
sign which in Swedish would perhaps translate "Heathen Gain".
But what sort of falsehood to make of "E. O. Fuglelie", I
could not so easily guess. One of our yellow locusts in white flower here,
13th. A very fine day and sailing among the rocky clifs all day
very pleasant indeed. A summer yachting excursion on the
coast for where are 1200 miles of every variation of the thousand
isles of the St Lawrence with towns, ships & mountains added
would be very pleasant, if yachting were pleasant at all
any longer. This coast does not seem like a reality hard
and rocky as it is, but rather the creation of some wild &

beautifully disordered fancy. On straight we puped to day 45
(we are now lying for the night in the quiet harbour of Frederiks-
varden, formerly the Norwegian Naval Station) for a mile or two
was frequently so narrow that a steamer 20 feet wider
than this could not have gotten along. I saw plenty of
heather and what appeared to be varieties of blue berry bushes
amid the scanty growth of fir & small deciduous trees that
could find footing amid the rock of iron stone, that made
almost perpendicular walls of our canal. I have found
on board a Mr Tho' Miller (Miller) a very intelligent
and sensible man - a tutor. Speaks English very well,
better than any of those I have met, who are many too. One
said the reason so many on this coast speak English
is in the fact that nearly all are sailors. The Tutor says
many of the ship carpenters here have learned their trades
or worked in the United States - this may partly account for
this "build" of their vessels. He lives on the West Coast not
far from Bergen - Tide is now South of Stavanger. Weather
then about is much like that of England (he has visited that
country) very rainy and but little snow. He is familiar
with Sweden, where it is warty colder - Snow lies 3 or 4 feet
deep - and before it falls, first gets into the ground often
3 feet. Cellar walls are built 3 feet thick, laid on clay
and made very tight. Entrances is from inside the house.
They are safe against fire. He thinks Norwegian intemperate.
I have not seen it so. I see many humpbacks, have not
remarked a single case of obliquity of vision. On this South
Coast, he says fruit grows very well. he has even seen blue
grapes ripen on a farmers house, but they are very poor -
Some melons are obtained by planting early under glass.
Sobitus are taken in great quantities to London Market and
bring here for that purpose about 4 cts each. Rysters are
abundant also along this South Coast and worth about 1 ct each.
Says the stone. I saw (7 maidens) are not Druid remains, but
memorials of battles - there are many in some parts, and are often
inscribed. Think none over 1000 years old. There are caves
in which it is said Druids lived. The Aspen boughs are cut
in summer and dried as hay or fodder for all sorts of stock
and fed to them in winter - Birch and other deciduous trees
are used for the same purpose in the same manner. I noticed
the Aspen on the rock to day had been much cut - Land of the
same quality in Norway is about the same price as in Nangelt
a farm keeping 20 cows will bring 8000 dolls and several
English have bought about Christiana, since they built
the Rail there, that was done by English contractors who took over
half the entire stock. Wages have much risen within 2 or 3
years. Labour very scarce in Norway - and many Swedes come
in. Farm labour is about 1/9 Sterling per day without board
for 10 hours work, and they work longer in emergencies. There is a

employment and wages in winter. Emigration to America (46)
is considered one of the causes, but I presume the reason for
advance in wages are world wide, and better systems of
education among them. Wheat is raised about Bergen.
Norway is very free. Can you must tax paid, I to a paper.
"Oh no, we have only about 3000 soldiers to support, and
duties now pay nearly all government expenses."
In 1821 Norwegian Parliament declared there should be no
more nobility born in the land. The Earl of Jæresby is
now the sole remnant. Yet they have a King. The connec-
tion with Sweden appears to be on condition that Norway
shall do as it chooses. There is a ^{real} property qualification
required for suffrage excepting in case of office holders.
Monism is declared not to be Christianity, and its propo-
sitions are denied some of the privileges which are con-
sidered too good but for good and true paying Christians.
I saw the Oystre Catcher along the rocks, a fine bird, same as
in England and a large flock of about 100 may white-
wings suddenly bore me back to our Rhode Island shore.
I saw another small flock of 6, we had strawberries and
cream to day at dinner. Pears are boiled here with a
sauce that robs their flavour. I have eaten beef but once,
it is like country beef with us. Veal is very tolerable, and the
gravy exactly old-fashioned. The pasture farms on the
hills are deserted in winter, but not the regular farms there.
We do not see many vessels excepting in the countess little
bay ports among the islands, when ships are building all
about and pretty vessels lie at anchor. Sumbur shipping
is also a part of the business of these towns seen to day. Many
rail way sleepers are sent to England, and I find trees here
are worth only freight difference, less than those of the forests
in Scotland. A dealer told me he had seen Norway fir 130
feet high, but all within reach of the stream is sure small &
prices very high. English Elder is common here, and in full flower,
one bush, had passed to half grown fruit. I saw some very good
bright looking half grown plums in a garden.

Horten July 14th

after 500 miles from Bergen I am here waiting a few hours
for a steamer to Nicoburg. Here is the Naval station in a
snug harbour behind the little town where 10 ships lie as all
such should, dismantled and decaying. There is an Engine
manufacturing attached. Considerable fruit is here and I
await strawberries and cream while I write. Several
apple trees, many oaks, plenty of white lichen meadow and
"butter and egg" wild. Potatoes in full bloom, and the day
quite American like in temperature, I dare say 78°
wild Hops and a sort of tall Canterbury bell, that I have
seen in our gardens, perhaps a very coarse sort of Hare bell.
In the last ship, recognizing the Connecticut click
of our Connecticut made "Ship Clocks", I found on

to dial, sure enough "C. Jerome", a name dear 47
to Barnum. I have seen several Rocking chairs, appar-
ently ~~Boston~~ American made, Boston patterns.
The owner has an common where I have been.
This place is on Christiana Bay - on which the rocks
soften down and long gentle slopes him in the
water encircled with nice farms. The country
appears to flatten away looking Eastward, while
the Mountains cover all on the west. I saw one
Porpoise, coming up the Bay.

15th. On turning around for my fruit and
cream some other person had gotten them
and the Steamer in sight I went down to
the wharf, luckily one there, a rare luxury in
these waters, Landings are effected in Boats at
every other port I have visited, (though wharves are
plenty) excepting at Christiana. On the day
a large man set down by me, He proved to be
a naval officer. was at New York 10 years ago
in a Corvette, which I think he commanded.
He has since presided at Navy Yard there. Then
I found him a very agreeable person, says at
the Naval schools all are Taught English & French.
English language is gaining ground over French.
from all I see and hear. Coming down the fine
bay, we saluted with our 4 swivels a sloop of war.
And "thus the Sloop" to use a favorite form of exphra-
sion Xenophon, with two bigger guns from each
side. So we got a big noise for a little one.
On an Island we saw a salt work where the water
trickles through facines. that it may evaporate
more rapidly. A loud gong sound once in 3 minutes
through the night to let folks know that the pump
still works, and visitors to the little hamlets that
they must not sleep. a great annoyance I hear.
and am glad to hear not. I was amused at a con-
trivance I saw on a pair of boots which if serious-
ly adopted must reduce Boot Jacks to beggary.
A piece of a piece, of leather sewn on outside of heel
to draw by against the toe - Among the papers on
board the steamer I see the London illustrated
News, as also in the steamer from Bergen.
a great blast at Aberdeen (I have been there)
how region of water, brought down 200,000 Tons of
Gun Stone, 10,000 lbs of powder were exploded, in a
"Gallery" in the rock. When well off from the Land
in the "Cat Gate" I counted 16 vessels, only one a Brig.

The rest, schooners, sloops, pilot boats, Nature has (48)
provided interesting arrangements for the Baltic
Sea - No tide in those seas near its outlets, and
a current sets into it along the coast of Denmark ("Jutland")
and out of it along the coast of Sweden. A strong wind
from west last evening, opposing this current, caused sea
enough to sicken half our passengers, but to day we
are along the Danish coast and all is smooth, at 3½
A.M. I awoke and came on deck to see if we had
yet reached the Scagerrack light, the North point of Den-
mark - Fortunately we were just off the light house
The coast is there very flat, and scarce out of the sea.
After a while we come to low cliffs of chalk, and very
gentle undulations of surface, oft reminding me of
Salisbury plain, and also like that not very verdant,
though Denmark is a very fertile country. Forests are
frequent and appear to be of very unusual richness of
colour - Horns are not very numerous. The country
churches have towers like those seen ones in Wales. Wind
mills are frequent. One pretty scene along shore much
resembles Warrick Neck. On board I find a Norwegian
custom house officer, who speaks English, is a Dane but
married in Norway - Some beavers are yet in that coun-
try. Reindeer are less used for domestic purposes
than formerly. They clear the snow from the white moss
on which they graze in winter with their horns, but I am
yet unable to learn what is the design of that prong of
their antlers which comes down along the forehead.
I have always supposed it was to protect their eyes.
I find also an Mr E. S. Poulsen (Paul son) inspector
of the Royal Telegraph, who has been at Chicago and
9 years at St. Thomas, where he remembers to have seen
Mr Ritchie of Boston from my description of him.
This gentleman speaks English very well, and is
very polite.

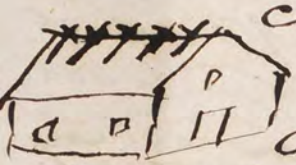
Niiborg (Newburgh) Evening - I got ashore at this
town at 8 P.M. It is a pleasant looking place
about 90 miles west of Copenhagen on the East side
of Isle of ^{Denmark} and 260 miles south of Horten
where I took the last steamer. The present King
of Denmark volunteered a liberal constitution to
his subjects ^{in 1848} embracing a feature I have advocated
for 3 or 4 years but which I had no idea was already
on trial anywhere - Every man in Denmark 30 years
old, who is not a criminal, voter, Property nor religion
has no influence upon this privilege. I am sorry
it does not include both sexes. All persons are
obliged to send their children to school at 7
years of age, and free schools are provided for the

poor. The church has no power of any consequence (49)
and large landholders are compelled to sell
land to the peasantry, who have bought very ex-
tensively. There is democracy beyond American.
I am told there are very few beggars, and that
wages have so risen of late that large numbers
come from Germany and Sweden to find employment.
A free people appear to gain immediate ability
to set others to work for them. I am at last thoroughly
convinced there are no objections to universal suffrage at
all equivalent to that arising from the invidious distinctions
arising from "qualified voters." Nyborg is a clean looking
town of brick houses with tiled roofs sheltered behind
ramparts of Earth as high as the chamber windows,
only a few thousand inhabitants. The Telegraph passes
the Great belt here, and all pilots have printed hand-
bills in many tongues (to give to vessels they board)
with regulations for anchoring in reference thereto.
The Belt is 17 miles wide with an Island of small
size looking (as several of these little things do here)
much like some of those bare ones in the Salt pond.
This is an important point in winter, being about
mid way over the water on the way to Copenhagen.
Ice is all that season a great perplexity causing
persons to be imprisoned on this little spot sometimes
2 or 3 weeks - A telegraph station is there at that season
to give intelligence of the state of the crossing.

Copenhagen 7th 16th.

I arrived here this morning having crossed the Great
belt 17 miles in a steamer called a good one that took
2 hours to get across. She says to start at 4 A.M. I was
on the wharf in a gale of wind at 3, 40, soon many
were there, but none could even get on board until
4, and then it rained. The cabin below was so small
and bad that most (ladies included) preferred
the storm on deck. Early starts here appear to be
of no consideration. We left Nyborg at 5 and
stopped 2 nights on the way, and at one of the
places until 8 P.M. fares are 2 to 3 sh per mile
beside meals, which are not cheap. The good old
custom house officer was in my room at the Inn
at Nyborg bright and early to see that my bill
was right and pay it for me, this being my first
experience in Danish coin. Arrived at Roser
we took train 70 miles across the Island in 3½ hours
to this place. The rail is a single track, built
by ~~an~~ Englishmen, and runs as smoothly as any
I ever rode upon. The second class carriages are

50
nearly as good as the first in England, while the charge is only 1.75 cents (U.S.) for the 70 miles. The station is large, not so fine as in England, but very well furnished &c, and kept cleaner. I was surprised to find smoking not permitted in it. The plate roofs of the stations on the line are almost the only exceptions to tile in town and thatch in country. The thatch too is secured on the ridge by common cord wood, acting as "hangers" on stacks. This indicates high winds of course, which I find are common here in winter from the west. and I think the climate boisterous now at midsummer, as Autumn is with us. Churches are very numerous and have a curious tower about twice the height of the main body of the church, looking like 6 story brick houses of about 20 feet square. at a small town we passed, is an ancient Cathedral, famous and ugly, where about 25 Danish Kings are entombed. I saw the rural towers I have here described are doubtless of same construction as those I saw from the steamer & took for such as are common in Wales. I saw a Druid circle of not large stones, and also 3 Barrows. A little heather, but Peat in small bogs, reminding me of Skak Island, was to be seen constantly and is apparently generally used for fuel. Land is obviously valuable. A very large proportion is in crop. Rye is turning. Oats are headed. Wheat & barley - Field Peas in blossom. Flax just pulled. Mowing is chiefly done, but the clover appears later than other grasses, and here are the richest fields of it I ever saw. The flowers look like roses. Potatoes are largely planted. There are some flower gardens at some of the stations as in England. Some of the rail margin is lost. The slopes of cuttings and embankments are mown, and level strips are planted. Some of these not 2 feet wide, are filled with cane. There is but little fence on the farms and that is chiefly a bank on a ditch. In one or two localities of small extent they found stone enough to make some wall. The cattle and sheep are all together at pasture. They have a wretched look, and the pastures are as brown as the old chimney lot, or Beaver tail. Crops however look very well. I observed only one woman at work in field. In Norway all is housed, but here are stacks. The blue variety of Thistle so common in Virginia is abundant here with varieties some of which are exquisite purple. Wild flowers are numerous. Rose hells. Scarlet poppies.



a large flowered chamomile, various convolvulus (57
small and large flowered, and plenty especially on
the shores (as well as the convolvulus too) the blue jasmine
is so hardy with us, the paped many small forests
chiefly of Beech trees, but oak alder &c &c too, cherries
appear to be the principal fruit trees, a mullein in
flower, that looks from the cars, like our own, the
Rail cars are on 6 wheels, 32 feet long, divided into 6
compartments, each of these compartments carrying 8 passengers
I noticed Magpies, &c &c, and several Storks, these latter
a sacred bird, almost, here as in the East, "Canadian
Poplars" are every where - one Northern Cotton Wood,
Sombardy Poplars are said to have run out here
but there are some very good ones in and about Copen-
hagen, where are also plenty of fine Lindens, and good
Horse Chestnuts, some of our yellow Sours too, I also
saw grape vines on some walls, but no fruit, this year
at least, at Rosor is an old Castle, now used as
a granary. It looks like a very poor barn in San
Casta County, while its tower of brick that looks most
strangely rusty for its years, appears to have been the
model of the rural church towers. In town here
are an abundance of as fine looking cherries as
I ever saw, Ox heart, Black Tartarian and others
but none so fine as ours, upon the palate, Straw-
berries are abundant, and good, served with ex-
cellent cream, about the same price as with us
but more than double that in England, Plenty of
ripe gooseberries, very good, currants, raspberries
and blue berries. Copenhagen means "Merchants
Haven". It is about 600 years old, comparatively a
modern town in Denmark, one of the newest. It
contains 155,000 inhabitants, its streets are all wide
enough, and though not at right angles, are straight,
they are just laying gas pipes, though many of the
small towns have done so, long since, and the
drainage is in gutters on the surface, which
are offensive. Nearly all the houses are 4 to 5 stories
high, the ground floor being partially a basement.
The fronts are wide, but I suppose the people live
on flats. Coffee appears to occupy 1/6 of the city or
the lower floors thereof. The Danish tongue and Norse
are about the same thing. The dollar of the latter is
about 110 of our cents, the Danish dollar is only
one half the value of the Norse and is divided into
96 skellings, the Norse having 120. I feel half the
time as though I was school in a town of Nellyas

Fractions, Decimals and Corresponding Exchange, (52)
I went to "Tivoli" this evening a Vauxhall garden,
where for about 10 cts we had amusement 3 1/2 hours
ground quite large, pleasant walks, various enter-
tainments, large apartment rooms with music, a
cicero, coffee, a theatre, and various things.
It wound up with quite an amusing pantomime.
I despised of the music for several changes of
air brought nothing to my taste, until at last
the band came to a familiar piece, I could
not recall the name of, that delighted me.
It was pleasant to see so many people, and
apparently of all classes enjoying themselves.
Old and young, children not 5 years
of age. Both in Norway and here many use beer
instead of tea and coffee, but I see no except
no red faces, and the people are quiet and or-
dely. The streets here are very clean, but side
walks are same as the carriage ways, or nearly so,
in pavement, and not much better than the old
cobble stones of New Port.

17th. Went to the Gallery of Engraving where they
have 100,000. Thence to a church that has some
work of Thorwaldsen on its brow, as well as 12
Apostles, the Saviour and a Seraph holding a
font in form of a shell in the interior. Its arched
roof, I rather admire, but was disappointed in
the Apostles, they are Germans, too, not Hebrews.
One with a hat on his shoulder has life.
The Seraph excellent, and Christ face fine
but his arms clumsy, stiff, awkward. I
then went to the Royal palace, where Thorwald-
sen's works are in one of its galleries, and his
grave in the court, covered with the only ivy I have
seen (out of doors) since leaving England. I send
a leaf of it enclosed herein. This artist did en-
ough work to stock these extensive galleries,
which are exhibited free, while the church ex-
acts about 33 cts for a sight of its 14 figures
the models of which are also in the gallery. I was
disappointed in the main though his Venus I think
the finest I ever saw, and the Eagle with his
Ganymede a wonder. This Angel of the Path
deed suddenly leaving several unfinished works
and the last a model for a bust of Luther.

which is in a room with several interesting (53
reminiscences of the man. The unfinished marbles
I hear are to be completed. I think a very good
blondie will be thus commended. These bear
his pencil marks and centres, and are suffi-
ciently ~~complete~~ to give the entire design
and yet retaining that sort of spirit and
interest only to be found in an unfinished
stage. The Palace has a front of about 800
feet, from 3 to 5 stories high, with great extent of
sides around a hollow square of acres. All is
pavement (common) about it, not a tree or flower
nothing green but the surface of Thorsvaldum grass.
Public ways are through it, two or three sentinels
stand solitarily about, not a window shows
sign of life, excepting one on the front out of
which 3 common soldiers stick their heads,
and one was whistling. From the court I saw
a pile of wood all nicely cut, on the second floor
covering part of a window, all ready for the
fire place. This reminded me of some one
who told me of being at a party in the palace of
Schonbrunn, when the wood for each fire was
piled by the fire place in each room. The
front of this palace is plain and simple with-
out attaining elegance. A ditch goes all
around it, formerly for defence I suppose, but
now a dirty dock where little shops lie
where some of them were selling common clay
pots and pass under his Majesty's front win-
dow, by a nice public square of trees I saw
house of a nobleman (I suppose) quite old style,
in front ^{large} two lions, one in repose the other thrust
wing. About the portals of the front, but
clustered as if they had made a hive of the
cavity, which probably is the case. A very deep
shade is in a portion of this square, with fine
walks. Sparrows abound everywhere, a constant
source of amusement and interest. Dogs are all
muzzled, as if Hydrophobes were dreaded.
The windows are unusually French, and the brick
walls are very thick, 2 feet at least. Tile is the
universal roof generally black that of the Palace
included. There is a square where are four

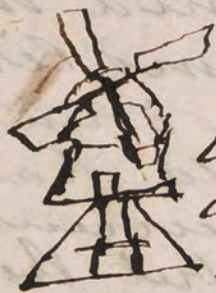
Royal palace around it, with an Equestrian (54)
statue in the centre, another square with a
similar statue of another King, is said to
be the finest in Europe, excepting one in St
Petersburgh. If this be the case then I am as-
tonished. It looks well enough, but would
never have attracted my attention. It has
not a single fine house, or an attempt
at one. This last a great merit to be sure,
a staple, or what I take to be a custom house,
is ~~the~~ as monstrous as possible, 4 dragons
then their horrid head over a town roof
while their turning bodies and tails form the
spire above, another steeple has a winding
stair on its outside to its pinnacle. Most of
the buildings ~~are~~ ^{are} including the palace
are plastered outside, which appears to stand
this climate perfectly well, though the ruin
and pest destroy it in ours. I do not see a
wretched street, all the people are well dressed
orderly, and look contented. The place abounds
in shady walks about the extensive ramparts.
People sit there under the trees or in coffee
eating and drinking, wherever two are not
walking they are apt to be nibbling at some
simple thing with a glass of beer. Newspapers
are on every table, and appear to be much read.
My fancy is quite captivated with this place
yet I can scarce say why or how, further
than all looks cheerful and comfortable, al-
though this royal capitol boasts only 3 chief
hotels, The Royal, Angleterre, and Phoenix.
The last, I am at, and think it decidedly the
best, though my bed is scarcely 2 1/2 feet wide,
and the cover an abominable quilt that I
have crammed in a corner every time I come
into the room, until chambermaid undertakes
I will not have it on the bed. There is a small
map and narrow map about things ^{at hotels} on the con-
tinut I do not like. Thus far, England unfits
one for Rome and Rome. The Hotel D. Angleterre
is on the great square - but you go behind into a
stable yard to enter it. I prowled about full
10 minutes after I got in, before I could find I

The coffee room or see a single individual (5)
a poor, wretched hole, we should call it.
The Royal Hotel is on the opposite side of the
Dock from the Palace, would be a 9th rate
hotel in New York, yet quite as good looking
as Danföterne. The Victoria is far neater
and better than either, though its coffee room is
not 20 feet square. The private sitting room in
all three appear large, airy, light well furnished
and comfortable. We had a very good table
d'hotel yesterday at 3 P.M. Today I had not
time to dine till night. Thus far the cost of
travelling by rail a day on the continent is about
as expensive as in England without any of its
comforts, few of its facilities, and not half
its interests. The Ramparts of the city are of
earth work, being about 100 feet wide at base
20 feet ~~wide~~ high, and very wide on top.
Trees and flowers are planted about them and
they are very extensive being in some places
two or three rows of these earth works, with
intervals and very wide ditches. In the margins
of these ditches grow reed as red as a corn field,
in appearance and verdure. These ramparts are
now being removed, that the city may extend
without inconvenience. Great gateways of Ma-
sonry in them, erected 200 years ago are being
taken down. If it be decided that a city should
be destroyed, to wall and garrison it would be a
very good recipe for the such a result. Den-
mark still has a fleet of about 20 ships in
the same mole in which they had one destroyed
in 1807. There are all in ordinary. On one of
the buildings there is an enormous crown sur-
mounting something that much resembles a
turret, a very happy emblem. An excursion
with trees near this harbour is very pleasant.
66 vessels (4 of which are ships and 3 are steamers)
lie in the offing, while there are three times
that number in the various ramifications of
the inner harbour that penetrate the E. city
and southern portions of the town in all directions.
I see the names of "Petersen", "Paulsen" and "Cohn"

all next to each other. Petersen is a more com (56
mm name here ~~and~~ in Norway, by far, than is
Smith or Brown in any locality with us. I hear
the Mormon spoken of here and in Norway as a de
luded ~~but~~ people, but whose lives are as exem
plary as that of other sects. One I conversed with
thinks so much has been said in the papers, that
the sect will now diminish. A Mr Sheffield &
family from New Haven left here yesterday. I saw them
a few minutes. They will remain 18 months yet, in
Europe. An Englishman who lives near the Crystal Pal
ace left this evening, whom I miss considerably, a very
liberal intelligent gentleman.

18th. I visited to day a very odd sort of Round tower
that has an ancient look, with many windows and
stands at the end of a church equally odd (but not
in keeping) though I believe it has no connexion
with it. This thing must be 120 feet high and its
~~rounded~~ walls are about 7 feet thick. The roof is
of stone, nearly flat, and with a coping is over 60
feet diameter. On this is a house, an astronomical
observatory with many nice looking instruments
and a clock that moves as if it must always
go right. In relief on the walls of this apartment
we see "Ptolemy", "Copernicus", "John Kepler", "Newton",
"Longomontanus", "Oliver Romer" & "Jas Bradley".
This tower is ascended by an easy grade of inclined
plane the winds its way around a central column
of masonry that is about 14 feet diameter. The
way itself is 13 feet wide and is sustained by a
system of arches that wind, of course in a like
manner. ~~It is~~ perfectly lighted and in niches
as we ascend the way is illustrated by inscribed
Rocks here deposited, and chiefly from Jutland.
This brought Dighton, Thorpe, Kiel Cape, the "old
mill" and the skeleton in Armour before me.
The view of the town and the plain that surrounds it
is complete from the summit. All is level till we
look beyond the belt to the coast of Sweden, which
is not far off. On the North are hundreds of acres in
trees and walks about the city lines and ramparts.
I could see only 12 spires ^{2 towers} in this capital, none of which
are considerable. The odd one of "Dragon" is on the Esplanade.
The House by the nice Park is "Rosentun" and the
only one in the city, that is unlike the mass in ge
neral aspect. To an American taste this is simply
grotesque. The wind was blowing half a gale and the
windmills mounted every where upon the ramparts
to get a breath, appeared to have as much as they

wanted. One of them which I entered looked like (57)
a cradle, but most of them are built very large
and substantially, while this one though containing
two run of stones, ~~was~~ is balanced on a single
post about which the whole mill is turned to meet
the wind - They are common in Europe but I do
not remember to have seen them in America



I walked far on the ramparts which I found
in many places 100 to 250 feet wide at
top. Planted with trees affording delightful
walks above all around, but the high
houses, for there are no low ones in this
city excepting the extensive quarters of soldiers.
Sycamores are plenty of various sorts, a maple that is
new to me, a Juglans that is new to me, I heard
it was a wild nut of the country, seems to be
between the Madecira Nut (English Walnut as we call it)
and our Hickory. The citadel on the southern border
is also a place of many walks by the water side
and among trees. I went to the Post Office, and
should judge it had less business than that of New
York. I have given you an account of the Steamer
on the main approach to this isolated Capital
from its main dependence or constituency, as
the case may be, ~~that~~. It is such as not to denote
a very great risk upon it, although its millions
of tons of Embarkments seem to have one antic-
ipated one. The houses of this city present more
windmills than any of any other I have seen -
They are generally not one half their width apart
and I think glass occupies on an average about
one half the space & presented to the streets. At
how many of the doors "Restoration" offers itself, would
take a great while to count. I think however it is
not in the way of water, two quarters is considered quite
enough for a chamber in any continental Hotel I
have yet seen. I think quiet in respect to others
Humbler is not a part of Education in this North.
On board Steamers, people, gentlemen as well, stand
as they walk at retreating or rising and talk as if
it were impossible to disturb any one. This applies
with equal justice to the hotels, whistling & singing included.
Yet I cannot say the people are noisy, they are
only not especially quiet on this particular occa-
sion. In America or England no man with any pre-
tension to breeding does not move with the utmost
caution if there happen to be 2 in a state room or
~~Hotel~~ chamber. Ventilation is decreed in Norway
and not applied here as it is in England. Ice is
on the dinner table, first I have seen, and I think

it is but little used in England, though "Whiskan" (58)
lake ice" is offered all about London. Here we get
a London paper only 3 days old which I find more
interesting than the half dozen "Blabits" that on the
same table with it. I walked this evening along the shore
of the outer harbor quite in the evening. The town and
vicinity are just out of the water, and amid the
thick plantings of the shore walks all seemed like
Lake Ponchartraine, if the dragons had come down off
the steeple into the water, the alligators would have
appeared to complete the scene. I observe a current
through the ^{main} docks, produced by the wind, but there
is no tide and all the side docks meet as those
around the palace are disgusting. Tartarian Hempseed
Laburnum, Elm, Abies, Red tinned dogwood Ash &c
&c all grow well here. I wish we would learn how
to make the black Rye bread, I find it better than
the rolls here which are also good & called French bread.
19. To day is Sunday but there Lutherans are no
better than Catholics. I fear the Sabbath here must be
past mending. Shops are open, and people, not
drunk to be sure, but as merry as on other days.
I went out to Lyngby in an omnibus, about 8 miles, for
16 cts. A fine beech wood there was being devastated
with music by these heathens, and they seemed as
well pleased, placable and happy as if they were
really only innocently amusing themselves. I was
surprised however to see some people at work. One
was fixing a pile of stone for the road, which is marked
amidst and planted on each side with trees, all the
way - One was hauling a load of brick, another
had peat, and I saw two carts loaded with the
rich seed that grow along the water on the flats, the
approaching harvest may account for this work.
By noticed vehicles take the right in the road as
they do in Norway & America, and do not in England.
The cops look well though much of the pasture is as
brown as old hay. The Beech wood I found very
pretty, a very deep shade and too cool, though the
day is called hot. I saw something like our Weymouth
Pine there, and oaks that looked more like ours
than English, but may be the latter. Castanea -
English Thorns or something like them are common. Black
birch in blossom, and a wild Sweet Pea not unlike
the fine one in your garden. perennials. Some very
beautiful Chaffinches and plenty of Sparrows a few
Wagtails, but birds are not numerous as in England.
The Duck is awkward in form but sails gracefully

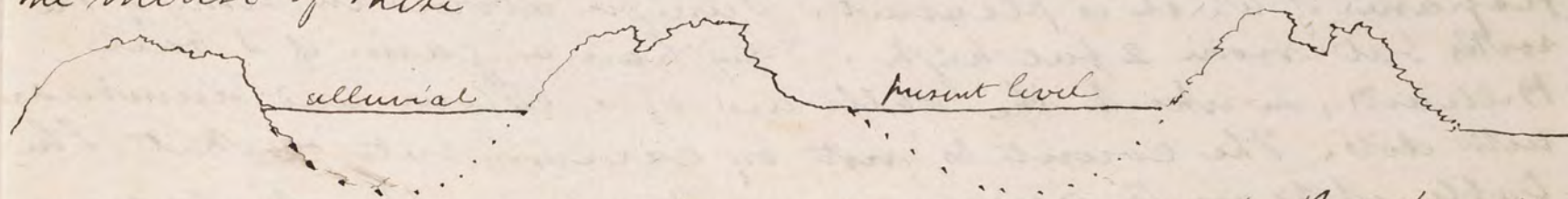
58 on the wing - Two swans were in the water, but (59)
I have seen since England. Mole boring also. The
country rises with slight undulations at 2 or 3 miles
from town. I am struck with the graceful bow &
tipping of hats among the common people, their
courteous demeanour to each other, especially
to the fair sex. This in Norway too, and more in
England than with the loud orders with car, or
omnibus driver in London makes this salutation
at least a touch of of his hate to all his acquaintances
he may spy from his box. at the edge of the town
on my return, I went into a grave yard - all shrouded
with trees. The graves were often draped with flowers
frequently with artificial ones, not a grave was allowed
to grow any where, all looked like fresh earth. The
mounds are frequently round and not so big as a
bush or basket - and like in form, inverted,
the earth to a common stick with a number
on it, was the ^{sole} inscription or mark. Some had a
little wood crop with name &c. others nothing, at
least nothing planted on them. Yet the care
was not of neglect. I went to another which
appeared to be for a higher class of tenants,
much in the same style and some of the
graves neglected to grow. Some in both are enclosed
in a neatly clipped, little low hedge of privet or
rose h. On one I saw boy that appeared healthy
yet with the exception of that on the long
grave of Thorswaldson I have seen in these
Evening I went to Ræxhall again, Thorswaldson were
there, yet as quiet as possible. Every class mingled
I saw but one spit on the floor he looked like a
common sailor. The layout saloon is that of the
musee where refreshments are also served. Smoking
is there and what suspicious me all use good tobacco.
at least not best. Much of that in pipes known at least
in Norway I noticed to be harmless. I ~~acted as~~ part of
the pantomime but left before the fair work be
gun. I always miss Joe Peace on these occasions,
he always made them amusing. I have been
most amused with a ride down hill on a rail
way that appears very popular. Its absurdity is
very amusing and ridiculous. The cars carry 2,
are hoisted up at the end of the track while the
riders walk up stairs &
take them again to the first

tower whence they started, where is another (60
hoist from which they may return, the prepa-
ration is a matter of 3 minutes, the ride is of
not $\frac{1}{2}$ a minute duration. The poor appear
to have some chance with the rich here. They
meet at this place which costs very little
and all seem pleased. The very best Omni-
bus I have ever seen is here, though the one
I rode in is upholstered in plush of scarlet
and each one has a distinct seat, it is not
the best. I have seen only one "Hansom". The
cabs are a sort of clumsy barouch for 4, with one
horse, but easy, not to the horse I should think.
I saw to day a barouche & 4 with 3 in scarlet
a lady and gentleman driving out, of the
royal family, I suppose, where they are laying
down the gas pipe, I noticed all the tools were
left on the ground, the multitude of rats and by
gas fitters included, wooden & leather shoes too.
They may have been watched, but I doubt it,
for they are left from Saturday night until
tomorrow morning. I saw a Royal mortar box
yesterday, very small but no plainer than the
one palace at Christiania. I see the name
of "N. Knud" on a sign, and that of a stove
dealer I take it to be on another, with some
words that must chink his coverings if they be
not thicker than ours of Albany & Providence.
20th. I went to day to see the famous Museum
of Northern Antiquities here, where are about
16000 Stone Hatchets Arrow heads etc, &c
"Celts" as they are called in England. There are
from all quarters of the globe and most alike.
Then come the countless copper substitutes, and
many other things indicative of progress are
added, coming down to a late period.
200 years ago many of the images of the Chamber
were scarcely superior to those of the South Sea
Islanders of the present day. The idols that have
succeeded these are probably scarcely less gross
as you or abroad, to a very great extent.
A gentleman attends to explain to visitors.
Today I was a foreigner, he took me up and
would have gone through all in English. This
I could not count to, as evidently others

must have lost what I should have seen, (61
I met "John Meyer" there, who told me
he travelled as servant with Mr Arnold
to North Cape &c in 1847. Since England
I see none whom I recognize as police, unless
the few soldiers one meets in the streets be such.
Neither are there any threats of persecution
that I see, that disfigure all England.
I see England is in much trouble in India, she must
expect it, her system there promises nothing else, but
the Scepter is going from London to the North, her policy
and all her modes will change. I believe she is yet
in the infancy of her greatness. Her eye and aim
have ever been in the main on freedom, so long as this is
the case, a nation will never decay as it seems to me.
I met this evening for the 2^d time an Irishman, long time
agent here for Lloyds, has a great deal of information
has lived here 30 years, was in Norway in 1813. Knows Capt
Wentworth of Boston there, Capt Cunningham from Baltimore
who lost a cargo, Privateers had seized him, and bribed
his men to deliver the cargo was taken in a Lish, and
not in Baltimore. Cotton and tobacco, such are licensed
pirates. This man's experience must be very interesting.
natives of Dublin of most liberal sentiments, has a son in
Chicago. One captain (I think Cunningham) to whom he was making
himself very useful in Norway while in difficulty about
his ship (which he saved though the cargo was condemned) after
a while upon looking into his history exclaimed one day, "Why
I've had you on my knee many a time when you were a child"
He had, I think, been entertained at the father's house, so here
was bread found upon the water again, reminding me of the
beautiful story related in his ^{own} life by "Laurie Todd" Strawburser are
about gone here, I took the last the restaurant had this evening,
but raspberries are nice and abundant, so are cherries and
currants - Gooseberries not so good as ours. In the markets I see
most miserable beef and very little of it, and ditto of mutton.
a little real finishes the list. Star Pat even out does it by far,
I see a few muskmelons in the windows of fruit shops. The
famous Cherry bouner of Copenhagen, I have enquired for but have
not happened to find. It is the only liquor I should be afraid to
trust myself habitually with. In the same house I might be in
much danger. "Sukker" is (I believe) Rum here. Narayansetter
used to render it "Succour". I judge very few English or Americans
visit it this Copenhagen, though I find it the pleasant place
yet of the little I have seen of the Continent. It has a few small
aquariums, that are pavements only - without trees, and one park only,
the Rönneberg, but its ramparts appear to be close to all parts of
the town and afford delightful and extensive walks and shades.
North of the town there are miles of roads and water amidst trees.
I am in the first street nearly opposite two Palaces, but cost of living
is not over 1,50 cts per day. I can live better for the same however, in

London, which is the cheapest place I have been in. (62
(Scotland in some parts excepted) all things considered, as
to Continental travelling, thus far my experience has not been
very favourable. True I am in a comparatively frontier region,
alt 150 miles from Copenhagen, North-west, Sottenburg, July 23^d 57
My Hotel 'Kuper' made a mistake by which I got the little
steamer day instead of that of the large one to this place
from Copenhagen. All would have been well enough but that
a gale of wind that blew all ~~the~~ white caps and swept over
main deck till I thought we should have sunk. Blow
without interruption 18 hours, ^{our captain was "windahl"} rendering our ship as un-
comfortable as scripture describes one. To add to the horror of
the scene, the boat was crowded and with thunder then
came a rain such as we have in America. The cabin was below
and even ladies took this ~~additional~~ ^{very cold without, & very body in winter sleep.} trenching in preference
to seeking its shelter. At Varburg several quit the vessel
and took port ~~and~~ ^{by} land 50 miles to this place. A mer-
chant and myself engaged a Barouk and pair, changing
the horses 5 times, for about about 10 dollars American, and had
to pay 1.50 cts besides to send to the vehicle back by Steamer.
We could have come considerably cheaper by taking the ordinary
vehicles. It is tolerably cheap even considering we were
12 hours in coming over a very good and level road
only 50 miles, fully 1/3 of this time being consumed at the
stations, waiting for horses. I understand those who furnish
these animals, do not do it cheerfully, it being a part of
their contract with government not considered very profitable.
We ~~passed~~ ^{passed} ~~aboard~~ ^{aboard} by Elsinore in our Steamer, where is generally
considerable shipping in the anchorage, waiting wind &c. The
Coast of Sweden is close opposite there and is rich looking with
gentle undulations, many woods, and lined with houses for
many miles thereabouts. On getting on to the wharf at Var-
burg, a small clean town, with a fort, I was besieged by
boys for my sack. I soon shook them off (for I almost in-
variably carry it, where I have no key to the language especially)
but a man among them still adhered. He ~~made~~ ^{made} motions
for it, but I only withdrew it, remarking I would take
care of it myself - After a while he began talking to me,
with laughable verbiage I only replied by holding on and
trying to assure him it was no use to talk to me, who could
not understand a word he said. I was waiting all this
time a person I expected from the boat, and concluded at
length to go up to the Posting house and meet him there.
My attendant finding me to be moving off, found some-
thing must be done - at length by pointing to a pile of
goods on the wharf and touching the lock of my sack, he made
me understand he was a customhouse officer. He was very
civil and appeared to be no novice in such experience, and
let me off in quarter of a minute. My baggage however, has

not been mentioned yet, excepting by the porter of the hotel at Copenhagen, who appears to have had it wise on his own account. The 50 miles twist this and Warberg is through a country where hills of almost bare rocks some of them probably 400 ft high occupy most of the country. Our road lay up on nearly a dead level of alluvial that had been deposited in the midst of these



midst of these at some period long subsequent to their formation. These rocks abound in heath and some grass, but rarely are any trees, and not one evergreen, ^(Juniperus excelsa) that I saw. The ground however is fair loaded with low blue berries, now ripe, the moment we get off the alluvial. Red Raspberries are just ripening too, and are high flavoured. Some like our own of the same colour. Pear, cherries, plums and apples are frequent about the farm houses and are well fruited and look healthy. The farms are in many instances well tilled, and frequently exhibit heavy crops of Rye, oats, Barley, very fine wheat, Windsor beans, field Peas, potatoes, and I thought some buckwheat. Some of the meadows are very heavy, and mowing appears to be nearly over. The handles of scythes are flat and straight sticks, with a couple of small corn horns for hand holds. Considerable flux is given also. Blackberries are frequent, in flower and small fruit. Wild thyme abundant on the rocks, also in pink flowers. Wild rose bushes past bloom abound, and many wild flowers. Some oaks and trees much as before mentioned, no buck now, and Alders 20 to 30 ft high very numerous. A gentleman's house, reminded me very much of Judge Clark's white one west of Kingston, perhaps a little larger, but not so neat as his. Many of the farm houses looked very nice amidst their trees and barns and arranged with more system than in Norway, but some looked ^{nearly} as desolate and comfortable as some of our Narragansett farm houses, which is going to the greatest extreme in that direction, I know of. They are of wood with some tile roof, but generally thatch that is laid on the edge hole with Eel grass and fastened down there with crop sticks of wood or flat stones. The practice of netting thatch to hold it on, appears to be confined to the Scotch highlands. Nearly all the fences are of common ballance wall ~~and~~ not much of this. Some is of earth on a ditch, little or none of wood. Gates are every mile or two, and we passed a narrow stream on wooden bridge over which the horses were walked. The first one I have seen on this side the Atlantic where trotting appeared to be not allowed. It seems strange there should be less economy here where wood is dear, than with us, in this particular. The Magpie appears to be cherished, he is about the houses. The hawthorn, wag tail and cheer pie sparrow, never ours, the great Cuckoo

wooden shoe is quite common. The brick stove covered (64)
with tile is in every hotel and are suggestive of 12 hours notice
if one would feel the influence of a fire in them. I think an
arrival in a cold winter night here could not be very
cheerful. Dear old England, nothing like its hotels, clunkers,
flours are frequently strewed with Spruce or juniper twigs, the
fragrance of which is pleasant. Juniper abound in some of the
rocks but none 2 feet high. They have a game of 5 ball
Billiard, in which the balls are of a colour and numbered
with dots. The count is not by carrom but pocket. The
table appears to answer every purpose, though it com-
pares to ours as a sugar box to an elegant cabinet work-
yet "Cues" are neater than ours. I find a sort of Root
beer here, but meager of flavour. Most of the cereals
I hoped yesterday are in grain, and oats are exported to England.
About Kemptown a very neat town ^{of wood, tile roofs.} some 20 miles from this,
the farms are remarkably fine and I should think must
be tilled with considerable skill. There I saw nice
cows - The horses are generally good. Carriages pass each
other on the left, as in England. Labour on these farms is about
7d Sterling per day with good board, in Gottenburg common work
is about 3/ Sterling per day without board. I see here women
mixing mortar and carrying it up by inclined planes on
handbarrows between two. When men wages are low the
consequences fall heavily on the weaker sex, and when we
men are submitted to seven and brutalizing drudgery
the damnation of the race is a necessary consequence
all in such countries must than it. At a fine hour
building I observed the foundation or cellar walls to be 3 or 4
feet thick, all the beams and joist where they entered the
brick wall (in each story) were covered in tar or pitch, and
then enveloped in birch bark, the bark being with its out-
side against the joist, reversed from the relation in which it
grows. Norse Danish and Swedish languages are pretty much
one. Utokanking af spiritus ora, I saw over what appeared
to be a rum shop. I am at the first Hotel where my
chamber is 19 by 30 feet, with 3 doors and 6 large french
windows. On its 600 square feet of floor is not an inch of
carpet - and though the bed is scarcely 2 ft wide and covered
with a detestable cotton comforter, the room is furnished
with 18 chairs 1 sofa for 2 persons, 6 tables a bureau and
4 looking glasses. Cheap enough at 87½ cents a day for
one who wants but a concern, but I would prefer
a smaller room with larger bed. The water is in
the usual allowance of this country, about 2 quarts and
basin accordingly small, with one towel. A brick stove
in which I would have had a fire on arrival, but that the
one I left in Norway would have availed as well. To day is
warm enough, and fine though the wind is heavy -

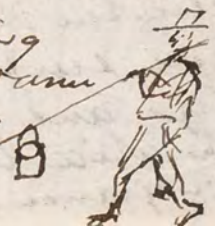
Gottenburg has about 25000 people, and a large port (65
feet) of it is very well built, several canals intersect it. On a
small square stands a statue of Gustavus Adolphus in
Bronze. I can find no one who can show me the house
at which Swedenborg was staying with a friend when he
saw the fire 400 miles off at Stockholm. A Lawyer
who some think might be able to point it out, is now
absent on a tour in Germany &c. There are many good
houses here but none particularly striking. Streets are
generally good width and straight. Considerable shipping
lies in the river, which is not over 400 yds wide here
but more so a mile below, ~~to~~ which the town stretches
in a mean street or two. The "Labelan" of Boston is
the only American ship in Port. That I could see or hear
of. And she is the largest. I find America famous for
the large size and fine character of her commercial
marines. Also for high wages and good fare to seamen
though ~~these~~ Captains are considered hard. We are also
said to carry lighter crews than other nations ships.
"Deals" are largely exported from hence, though no forests are
near - Gottenburg Iron is famous and the noise down
by the shipping is the clangour of its bars. Hills of rock
in front the ~~city~~ with a pretty alluvial flat around it.
or partly so. One of the pavements is the smoothest for car
wheels I ever rode upon, but the side walks are no better
than in other of these Northern towns. It was a luxury
to give a beggar something, a poor woman, the only beggar
I remember to have seen since leaving England, excepting
a blind woman in a gate way at Bergen. I saw also
a man on a crutch to day I suspected to be mendicant.
The contrivance of the way to the wharves and shipping here
below the ~~town~~ main town is the most awkward and in-
convenient possible to be endured. The object appears to
be to keep people away - 2 ships within 10 yds of each other
may require a walk of a quarter of a mile around to get
from one to the other. I expected to find embarrassments
arising from ^{my} ignorance of the languages in foreign countries,
of course. Then I can anticipate and prepare for, but
those arising from differences of systems from ours are
of a character not so easily prepared for. If one wants
a ticket of passage in a steamer, 10 to 1, he will be balked
half a dozen times in getting it. A pointer obviates this, but
I am determined to run against every port myself, until
I think I have found them all out. The Bank Bills
here marked most conspicuously in figure 2, is a
3 dollar bill after all, but what particular kind more
but a "Reflex" (money change) can explain.

Some of them Rigs Tarlers, ^{a note for about 27 cents.} and they have more (66)
digging than jingle. My companion in the barometer
I found very kind. He asked me if there were many
Jews in America, then if they were good people, I
replied I believed them as good as other people and
then one of them (Judah Touro) was the best one of the
best Christians in his life, I had ever known. The
old man then informed me he was a Jew, which I had
not suspected, nor has the peculiar face of that
wonderful people. He has a son who can calculate
any thing in numbers by instinct, instantly. He
showed me his ware house to day - He sells silk that are
chiefly manufactured in Stockholm, has 4 per cent
commission for sales, but does not guarantee. I
found he considered himself doing a large business
selling 150,000 per year, about \$40,000 of our dollars.
Ware house in all these towns open out of the merchant
harbours, at least very often - George Ryan consul and
banker walks out of his sitting room into his counting
house, at Copenhagen. The shambles at Stockholm are no
better than the others I have seen on the continent. At breakfast
this morning I called for rolls 3 times, they send two at a time
that are not so large as two eggs each. I heard the good natured
waiter say to a gentleman at the table that I had taken
6 Bread - The telegraph poles run in the fields instead of the
road, perhaps 100 yds from it, generally, and I concluded
there were quite as many of the rude milestones as there were
telegraph posts, and my Hebrew friend Mr Josephson, once
in about every two English miles ~~reminded~~ invited my at-
tention to the fine day, which I found very cold. To remind
me is this road and plains by rocks that are like islands in a
lake (very often) that we rarely saw more than 2 miles in any
direction, and as we got to within 10 miles of Gottenburg, the
valley became narrower and narrower until running out.
I saw a cotton factory or two here and a sugar refinery.

Stockholm July 26. 57 60 miles on
I arrived here by steamer through ^{Gotha} canal and lake Malar, and 120 m Lake Malaren, in all 450 miles, which occupied nearly
60 hours steady pull in our little steamer 100 feet long, over 12 hours of
which were consumed in passing the 76 locks - ~~Holder~~ means small island.
and Stockholm, Koping, a common name of towns in Sweden, signi-
fies ~~town~~ store, Norkoping, or store, as Stoke is said to mean in
English. The canal is a very considerable work being 200 miles
artificially formed, 10 feet deep, sufficiently wide for vessels that are
30 feet wide to pass each other very freely - Strange to say it opens
about the last of April or first of May and closes not until middle
of November, although Lake Wenner which is 60 miles long and 500 feet
deep freezes solid enough for a high way over which people drive and
skate. A long stretch for horses, but they stop to bait on the ice. Nearly
all the trade appears to be at the Gottenburg end of the canal where
Lake Wenner ^{Summers} (50 miles from Gottenburg) Send out some quantities of

lumber and wood. On this lake I counted at one time (61)
35 sloops and Schooners. When the canal joins it are numerous
saw mills, and piles of boards, "booms" of logs etc, and one might
easily fancy himself somewhere on the Penobscot. The people
too look much like our stout lumber "functionaries" in Maine.
What is to become of Great Britain, here on these lakes completely
enveloped in forests the steamers burn her coal, and piles of it
are seen at the landings as if it were used for domestic purposes
also. The famous falls of the Potha river (110 feet) at Fivoleau
are there, though I passed them before I knew it. ~~At the locks~~
in the same neighborhood (where we rise about 100 feet) the
~~water back~~ must have been a severe task, being cut out of
a stubborn blue rock for a long distance. The scenery
amid there is the most romantic I saw on the whole route
these comfortable homes of red house or white with tile roofs
amid the trees grass and rocks, a confusion of all of these
sprinkled with wild flowers. The poor in Sweden and Norway also
frequently have flowers about their houses, far more than we.
About the locks on the entire line, are plantings of Elm
oaks, these chestnuts etc & grading to give them a garden
like effect. Swedes in Norway ~~Swedes~~ bear quite a flower
and in great abundance, covering the tree with little yellowish
Goulden ones as it were, about the size of Ox heart Cherries,
which by the way are offered as well as other kinds, with plenty of
wild strawberries, raspberries, blue berries, and another
yellowish berry, at low prices. Begging is also a profession at
these locks, though I should think the Swedes by no means
poor. The canal has branches. The masonry of the locks is
not nice, but very substantial, and I saw not one sporting
leak, so common in ~~these~~ of our country. They are now
building a rail way to connect to their two large towns
and Sundart and it will not cost over 15000 dollars per mile
American. The country is favourable, being generally level,
but I suppose an important item of this cheapness is in the
fact that soldiers are at work on it (10,000 of them) whose
labour is probably charged only to the War department. I am
glad to find at last a country where these wretches are kept
at something useful. We passed through a good deal of farming
country, and saw many large barns, good farms crops and farm
houses. Some very large wheat. Hay harvest is at its height but
not a horse rake did I see though the fields are without rocks,
these being confined to the wooded knobs that are seen in
all parts - representing a Norway softwood, very fine Mountain
ash abound and plenty of Fir and Pine. The ~~the~~ Juniper I saw
not 2 feet high, but the Captain of the steamer (one of the most intelligent
gentlemen I have seen in a long time) says juniper makes good
stakes and is all cut for that purpose. (The firs are as in
Norway) and it never grows over 6 inch diameter at any age.
Both weeping and straight grow abundant, wonderfully rich, far
more branched and foliage and depth of green than this tree exhibits
elsewhere that I have seen it. I think even those of Aberfeldy are
here surpassed. Pride of Meadows abound, and Dan bells of all
sizes and shades of blue. I enclose one of the larger size. I got one of
the white lillies out of a boggy pond, that looks like ours but has no
fragrance. The ~~very~~ Cable Oyster grows wild here. Rain deer most

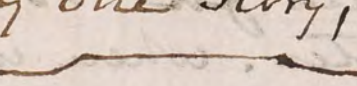
cover the rocks in many places, a whitish looking plant. Set (68)
Dahlias are in flower, and some like my "il Pompey Diridah"
that I used to nurse so carefully, I saw American Golden Rod
in a garden near Copenhagen. A small sort abounds here,
on Lake Witten I saw forget me nots and plenty of the pretty
yellow sort of Strawberry flower so abundant on our shores,
both salt & fresh. Barberry bushes too. Lombardy poplars are
fine trees ~~there~~ along the route. On the richer lands where the
farms are, Hooded Crows are plenty and also small rooks that
reminded me of the ~~small~~ crows of the Delaware. ~~I saw~~ only
2 Hawks, both large, one with a forked tail & fine flight.
Government gives a bounty on these birds if taken alive, but not
otherwise. I believe the object is to secure the death of the
young ones, which are accordingly bought in the nests. Gentlemen
hunt here, but do not fish, although there fine lakes abound in
fishes. Salmon &c. Cray fish of all sizes I hear are here, but those
I saw, brought on a plate to the boat, were 6 inches long. We had
also on table very good muck miller, deep yellow inside, raised under
glap. The bread in all these Northern countries is often spoiled with
anniseed, a most effectual recipe for destroying the flavour of
whatever may be eaten with it. The wheat bread is however not
thus ruined. Swedes are said to be great drinkers, but I have
not seen much difference from others excepting perhaps they
use more whiskey, which is itself "half Slewed" here, being spelled
"Hwisky" - and punch is fuddled into "Pounsch". The Swedes
are large stout coarse looking people, and appear to differ very
much in their notions of refinement from English or Americans.
A young Cadet was making his toilet while others were at dinner
before a flap, on a table under which and over which he leaned,
dessert was awaiting, cream, jellies &c. ~~After~~ others did the
same, so I lost my part of that course. Almost universally
each person on rising from table (in the cabaret too) lights a match
then a cigar before walking out. They are very courteous however,
and of much ceremony, always take their hats off on entering a
~~cabaret~~ ~~or on an~~ room, coffee, or what not, also on ~~speaking~~
to each other as they shake hands. The Swedes carry out the
same idea with powder & swirl at the towns they come to. There
is in addition to universal smoking, snuffing and chewing to very
considerable extent. The language is very like the same and
Norwegian, these two write the same but differ in pronunciation.
The rural Churches are not very numerous, but are large
and neat. Ecclesiastical power I hear is very limited.
The ~~species~~ are a compromise between tower and belfry.
I saw bridges (with several arches sometimes) built of rough stone
and no mortar even in the arches, that appeared to answer
perfectly. We passed a few Castles in ruin. One about
100 miles up the lake a fine object close by the
boat as it went along. Moomia hats, as at Copenhagen & Gottenburg
are in small minority here. At Ellat al a, where are considerable
iron works (we passed some others too) I noticed a mode of carry-
ing water in buckets on a pole about 15 feet long, with wheel
at one end that must be very well on smooth going.
A German lady was on board our steamer who like Madame
Pfeiffer was travelling alone every where. She looked like
a very sensible person, and with a long and fair
that convinced me her husband would lend a



69 (68)

very indulgent ear to any proposition she might make or even not make - to go abroad. I noticed farmers busy & so extensively, and ~~much~~ new land is being brought into cultivation in Denmark Sweden and Norway. County being settled, excepting where land are rich, and not densely there. Bags of Quans to snakes are ~~plenty~~ the Captain says, but I could find none. Some are considered poisonous. The weather cold & boisterous. I have heard of Styptobran midsummer heat, but not found it yet. It is supposed the rail way will injure the canal, but I recollect hearing in Manchester that the Bridge water canal there had increased its business (may fold I think) since the opening of the Rail way there, which it was supposed would ruin it. I find the Porter at Copenhagen probably did no more than police regulations require of hotels. At Gotten beech (which is said to be the dearest place at hotels) in Sweden; abt 2000 kr for poor fare) And other Swedish hotels, Innkeepers send their register each morning to the Police office where about 4 cts is charged for each named, natives as well as foreigners. If the party remain more than 3 days, he is then called upon for his passport and license to stay (the time must be fixed too) for which he is charged - This he may renew as often as he concludes to stay longer - paying about 40 cts each time. Lake Maler is a very beautiful combination of narrow winding straits amid countless island many more baskets of foliage as it were, floating on the water. This arm of the Baltic is a little brackish, and a rather difficult navigation at night, on account of numerous shoals & rocks; its waters are not deep. I saw but few wild ducks on the numerous lakes of this route. The scene on the ice in winter is said to be very gay - numerous little steamers are now constantly plying to the villages &c among its islets, we saw several pretty country seats, also. The safety of baggage on the boats is striking - it lies every where and none seems to get ashore by mistake at the landings. People in the cabins hang their watches any where they can find a hook and all sleep in perfect security. This is quite an offset to the fact that butter knives are not used, ^{and fingers are tooth picks} all dash their knives and spoons into every thing - I have to help myself once for all of some of the dishes. A habit too, is to stand up and walk about, making a desultory meal as at a Picnic, after 3 or 4 men will crowd about your dish in this manner, reaching over one's head, taking what he has just sent for. These of course are not the gentlemen of the county, but nevertheless they are the travellers of high respectable appearance in many instances. I have been struck with the cleanliness of the table cloths, the knives and silver forks. I have ^{almost} always found when the fork is strictly clean, other things to be reliable. I find at my Hotel, an American, Mr Peirce of Maine the same whom I just missed at Copenhagen. He is nephew of President Peirce, I think. Frank Schroeder I am sorry

Physician - His health suffered from grief at loss of his wife, poor fellow. I should have been glad to tell his parents I saw them here. This is a beautiful capital and has 100,000 people. It stands on 7 islands in the lake, a sort of Northern Venice. There is a large plain palace, and another too, on the same fine square, the opera house a good building there also. The Stadt House (Town Hall) is a fine building, also a military hospital, as well as a penitentiary or prison that has two very fine towers and looks more like a place of festivity than punishment. The Hall of the Nobles is peculiar and fine with a copper roof. The streets are clean and many of them very fine. There is a church of peculiar architecture, striking - another with a very tall tower where lie Charles 12 and Gustavus Adolphus. A statue of the latter, one of Albrecht Vasa also one of Bernadotte all in brass one of the founders of the city and monarchy who set his son on the throne and reigned in his name - all in bronze and very good. I should think that of Bernadotte is Equestrian. I went to a sort of hotel, a cafe and garden on a hill ^(also that of Gustavus Adolphus) where is music and a very fine view of that part of the town (the principal) which lies on the plain at its base, also of the surrounding country and extensive Cavalry barracks. Considerable shipping lying in the harbor, one from America was pointed out. Iron is the great attraction. The famous Dalecarlian mines are north of this - Boatmen here are women Dalecarlians in their native costume, look as stout as wooden images - are said to be very ^{homest} good natured. I should say this is the most brilliant city I have seen - but I doubt if so many people arrive in it ^{daily even at this season} or Copenhagen or either as are entered daily at a New York hotel of the Broadway Club. The Steamers I came in had berths for about 50 passengers, but even then shifts are not daily from Rotterdam. A very large and fine building is in course of construction for a museum in which the others will be concentrated. I think they have been at work at it 10 years. A fine granite. The houses of this city are 4 and 5 stories of brick ^{collective mass in} short half surface porch windows. Roofs usually tile, but many are of tin which is also carried up so as to embrace the chimneys - painted from rust, in black paint. Towers ^{are white or cream}. 28th, I went by steamer ^{50 miles!} yesterday accompanied by Mr. Paine (who is Secretary of Legation at Petersburg) to "Oop-sar-lee" (Upsal) the seat of Northern learning, where are 1900 students who have reputation of using much Punch etc. I believe edicts are considered great nuisances every where from the profanity of many of the students. As a class, in Philadelphia we have often heard them severely criticised, where they now are.

up Lake Mala, we pass the house that was the ~~old~~ ^{former} summer residence of Mr. Schroder, pretty well situated close by the water, about 2 miles from Town. I hear his health is much improved - I also saw a very fine Eagle near the town of Sigtuna, the oldest in Sweden when are 3 old towns in ruin, Odin was born or lived here. Entering the little river Sala we are in an alluvial country the soil of which resembles that of the sugar fields of Louisiana, on the Mississippi, and saw people mowing the beautiful crops of grass I ever saw - Grain is also very great (wheat Rye Barley &c) on the ~~low~~ fields elevated a little above. I saw cray fish borings as on ~~other~~ Southern rivers, in the banks. Upsala is a plain town of several thousand inhabitants. An unfinished palace by Gustavus Vasa is on a hill on the edge of the town. The cream for dessert with Porter, and strawberries and cream for dessert cost 3 1/2 'cts, served in a private room, with everything as neat and nice as possible. We visited the Cathedral. There is a wooden statue of Thor, and many Tombs of famous men of old. None of the marbles are at all mutilated. The interior of the building is simple and reminded me of that of St. Magnus in Orkney, as well as Cathedral of Durham. We were requested to keep on our hats, lest we should take cold. It seems the gods in Sweden desire not reverence at the cost of a cough, I suspect them for it. Here are the bones of St. Eric in a coffin Sarcophagus of silver gilt. A tomb of John 3d decorated in marbles from Italy that lay at the bottom of the Baltic 60 years, before they were fished out again. The tomb of Gustavus Vasa is also there - Charles Linnæus lies here under a very fine Swedish Porphyry. I visited the Botanic Garden founded I believe by him, and enclen some leaves from it. It is neither large nor fine, now, nor could I see very great variety of plants. A statue of him is there. I also visited his house from which I enclen some rose leaves, and seed of an Acacia, which people have planted. There are from the garden in front of his house, laid out by himself. The house is only one story, but is about 100 feet long. The front is  (recepted a little) In the museum is there, manuscript originals of some of his works, also of Swedenborg, both in books, very like common account books. Swedenborg was open at "of the interior Heavens" and in Latin. Here is also the famous "Codex Argenteus" in silver text on blue satin leaves 1600 years old, in perfect preservation. Would be a fine

piece of work for the present day. It cover in silver (769 72)
very elaborate. "Lunatic's Century" - In this library are
very many portraits, an original of Gustavus Adolphus.
The country about Upsal is level, and 2 miles off is
old Upsal, where is a town of church, said to be the
oldest one in Sweden, and to be a portion of a temple
of Odin - close by it are 3 mounds, big as sugar loaf
hill and like it, under one is said to lie Odin,
another his son Thor, and another, Freya. These
mounds are supposed to be ~~artificial~~ ^{natural} hills, shaped by art.
A Russian gentleman who was with us had taken a
cousin from Stockholm for the trip at 5 Rix dollars
(about 130 cents of our own) per day. This man had been
very serviceable to us also, who had no claim on him.
He refused 2 dolls we offered him. I mentioned this liberal
came in, he spoke to him, I could not understand
but immediately the cousin took me by the hand
and considerably moved, desired to assure me he would
of course have received the money I had offered him
with much pleasure, but his duty to "his gentleman"
(the Russian) would scarcely permit it, we were very
welcome to his services (there had been unsolicited) &
I thought he believed the dignity of the Russian would
be compromised by acceptance. Mr. Peim and
self took a barouche and pair, 9 miles, which cost
up than 1.25 of our cents, beside a toll of bridge (on which
the horses walked) of 9 cents. A thousand dollars per year
here must make a man rich - money too bears 5 to
6 per cent interest. A mile from Upsal we came to the
forest wood, ^{of large firs} I have ^{in continuation} seen it was fully 2 miles through
country chiefly of the Red Pine, which old or young
looks exactly like the Scotch. Among the few Norway
Firs, I saw the, straight branched, the inclined,
and several of the weeping, so much admired with
us. Service trees full of fruit just ripening, apparently
same as ours (Swamp Cherry) occur frequently.
We drove through the grounds and yard of some Baron
whose house is on the lake side, and took a boat
with 2 oarsmen about 3 miles for 33 cents our money to
the famous castle of Skokloster. When we were better
entertained at the house of the inspector, than I have
been since Copenhagen, with tea, lodging and breakfast
for about 62½ cts, ^{frugal}, each. This castle belongs to
the Brahe family, and is about 200 feet square, 4 or 5
stories high around a hollow square, with tower at each
corner. All white washed, and white as silver outside.
It is built exactly like one in Baranov, by a lineal

descendant of Tycho Brahe the famous astronomer, (73)
a portrait of whom is the object that most interested
me in it. The floors are as rough as we would have
in a barn, and some are covered with the tapestries
that were meant for walls, when many still hang,
that are considered fine, chiefly illustrations of battles of
Alexander. The builder was a great actor in the 30 years
war, and the pleasure which fell to his share as one of
the thieves, furnished cash for the heavy walls, as well
as many cabinets, &c. &c. for the apartments. Hundreds of
Portraits of men glittering in sword and uniform
hang upon the walls, with scarcely any others. Men
who may be very famous here, but who attract very
little attention elsewhere. A shield of Charles 5th is
there (of Germany) the horse that Marshall Bernadotte
rode, & thousands of guns, sword, pistols, maces,
every thing, & marks of the ~~former~~ original proprietor's
shop, to think of a descendant of the great astronomer
descending so far. The present proprietor is not at home
but very liberally allows all to see it. The ground on
very common, Prachas are attempted in the wreck of
a small gun house, but not a dozen to a tree.
I noticed the telegraph poles, were burnt at the lower end
and enclosed in Bird bark, before planting. We took
Steamer to town, a pleasant sail among the island
of the green waters of Malala, that retain their colour
through the numerous bridges of this city, and to a
dyke that rather resembles the effect of Stagnation,
than Emerald. It seems they have Fever and Ague
at Copenhagen, our Minister (Mr. Pedersen) is ill of it
there. I see the name of "Stille" here.
29th - The "Kahns Hotel" has 27 Rooms on 4 floors and
rents for less than 800 \$ per annum, though a very solid and
excellent house on one of the squares of the city and very
near the Palace. It is kept by Mr. "Kahn" a young man
whom extreme kindness and polite attentions quite re-
minds one to the sad deficiencies of his establishment,
which I believe however is the best this capital affords.
The illustrated London Star is taken in it. A Mr. Jacob (a
Hebrew) came around to take me to the house of Emanuel
Sundborg. There is no Sundborg Society here. I was
surprised to find the residence of a man familiar with King
as well as science and spirits, living in the South end of the
town, which I suppose is generally occupied by humble folk.
It may have been different in his day and perhaps in the country.
The house stands on the Street 45 ft front 2 stories high, of brick
plastered over, as plain an establishment as would

satisfy a small shopman with us. The lot however is (72)
fully 200 feet front on the street (shut in by a high fence)
and as deep. This property about one acre of garden with
the house is now offered for sale at 22000 Rix Dollars
of Sweden, about 5900 of ours. In the rear stand the
little summer house mentioned in his biography.
It is a one story house (rather) about 18 feet square
beside a narrow entry behind, where a nearly per-
pendicular ladder leads to a loft above, to which
the 4th story of my town is a palace. One can only
move about it by stooping, and light is admitted
through the roof by a few narrow panes. Here the
lun spent much time amidst his apparitions.
His memory appears to be greatly respected and preserved
appear to be proud of him. One story is thus told,
Swedenborg had been talking to a spirit, that was
followed by another (immediately on his leaving)
who on entering says "Swedenborg how is this, you
have been talking with a dead man" and you I
perceive are no better" said the Seer. I was quite
reminded of the spirit rooms of "Elle, Koon" and
"Tippie" by this little rude summer house of Sweden-
borg. There is a hep vein clustering about its door
from which I gathered a few leaves, also seeds of
Columbine which I shall enclose, and should be glad
to have some planted by you, and others distributed to
persons who are enough interested to plant them, both
Dutch Hazards, &c &c &c. And planted in such a
manner that each plant may be taken up
for such as may desire them. The old palace is
now used for offices apparently. The Royal one is
about 400 feet square a plain building with 2 large
Lions in front. Like that at Copenhagen and St James
there is a thoroughfare through the quadrangle, so
that persons go through the palace entrances as public
gates. It is much of it 4 stories high and must have
many apartments. I visited the Hall of the Nobles
now in Session. A good painting on its high ceiling.
The walls are covered with about 4000 tablets, bearing
emblems of all the noble families of the country.
There have a right to sit, although the narrow
benches, without backs and only covered with a blue
cloth, which fill the room would not seat 500.
The benches in the gallery for the spectators are the same.

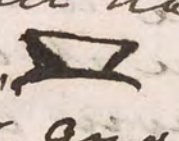
as there for the nobles, a striking impartiality. Poverty 73
parents may of them from attending I hear, only 16 were
within the bar, and about the same number on the benches
without, who I suppose were a part of the body. Documents
were being read, to which there appeared to be little or no atten-
tion. All were attended as citizens, and were of no different
appearance. The presiding officer however, wore a sword,
epaulettes and stars, and knuckled with a wooden mallet,
like an auctioneer, that sadly marred his imaginary
honours. The fish bones and tattooing of Savoy tribes hold
on in some form or other among more civilized ones.
Hats were worn by those of the members that chose as in
British parliament. (Another parliament was sitting at
Christiana when I was there) There were not over 20
spectators, and I was surprised to find this an assembly
of nobles in habit of meeting at 10 A.M. instead of P.M.
I next went to the Chamber of Peers, as to be expected,
I found them a very respectable looking body. They had
each a very fine deep arm chair, upholstered in black
hair cloth. I took an empty chair, not going into the
gallery - among them, most of the seats were occupied
by the hall entirely plain. Then to the Bourgeois, who
occupied benches with backs well upholstered, a board
1 foot wide along the back of the seats before them arranged
for an alphabet for a desk. Then to the farmer, who was
similarly seated, and both these latter houses appeared
also to be fully attended. The ventilation was such as
to remind me of prisoned ovens. I was driven out by the
horrid state of the atmosphere. I went last Sunday to
an annual fete in honour of a poet, the Brangar of
Sweden - in whose honour a society lives, I believe
then do not advocate Main Law. The scene is in
a sort of wood, in the outskirts of the city, where are
many fine old oak trees, wild walks, pleasant shades
and ~~from~~ A half a mile of Coffee, at half a dozen of
which I applied in vain for either Coffee or tea, and
was much as poor old Matthew Nichols seems after his
first visit with a load of goods to the Kingston Depot, "where
have you been ~~the~~ Uncle Martha" asked some one
as he returned with his empty cart to Peace Dale,
"I've been to the Deep Hole, but devil of a Deep
Hole did I see" much confounded at such a dis-
appointment. The view of the city, Island, waters &
trees below, is also very fine from the lofty height there.
One of the handsomest things I have seen in this city is
the exterior of the Chapel which contains the tomb of Charles
12th. Opposite is that of Gustavus Adolfus. In the

Lane Church is a tomb of Field Marshall Baner (74
his full length portrait (of 16th century) in same chapel
in full armor - his helmet on his sarcophagus, which
I would much prefer it, than on my head. He wears
looks like a butcher of the wildest sort, and proud of it.
This Church has at least 1000 trophy banners and
hundred of Kettle and other drums, ~~then~~ enough
of them are stacked about the tomb of Charles, to hold
half the bones of a common battle field. I don't know
how Mr Colt obtained his patent for revolver, and breech
loading guns, I have seen 100 of them, that were half
an inch deep ~~with~~ in rest before his great grandfather
was born. The arrangement at the fish market here
is very complete - by Mr Erickson, brother of the
inventor of a propeller in the U. States. The fish cars
are so arranged that they float in a strong current,
under cover and are hoisted out by machinery over head.
The Beef and other meats, however, are a mere mockery.
~~Not the bones though.~~ I have taken a ticket for St. Peter-
burg, and find my passport cannot be delivered to me
until I arrive there; by such a nice contrivance
is the Russian empire saved, this time. It is better
than having to burn a city. The sound duet, was a trifle
to these unaccustomed ones. At the Fete on Sunday, very many
thousands must have attended - The Russian minister and
other Diplomats were there - There was a masked ball in the
evening, to which I did not remain, A good deal of drinking
and some were drunk, but ~~only~~ a few. I was told the
number of them would be much increased at night, Bands
of music were playing, and about the Bast of the Port was
a enclosed space to which none but numbers were admitted.
an honour which few of them appeared to care about. The face
of the bust was ^{that of a} Bacchus merging in the Silenus. This
appears to me a bad way to spend the sabbath though not
were probably than listening to many of the sermons that
are preached; bad doctrine is more dangerous than Rum
because those who hear are so apt to consider it authority.
One makes the head ache, the other addles it, and perhaps is
not much better for the heart and soul. I believe wine must
with less than damnation, ideas of damnation cherished
like a poisonous morsel as by many are entertained. Lutherans
here appear to escape the ill of extreme poverty, whatever may be
the faults of their system. I have not seen a beggar in town
or any thing that looked like one. I am struck with the
simplicity of graves in the Church yard all through these Coun-
tries. Here also they are dressed with flowers, very many of
them apparently to day. In a Public square I saw ~~old~~ elders
with globular clusters of red berries, as fine & scarlet as Sealing wax.

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Then was also a young Selva Poplar with the largest leaves I
ever saw of the kind - The Streets are well paved generally
but poor provision for pedestrians as at Copenhagen and the
rest of these towns. I have heard of Dogs with four heads but
to day saw one with a plant. Two others I saw had gotten
into hot water and while fighting it out fell off the dock.
Strange to say one could not swim and would have
drowned but for a kindly fellow who rescued him with
a boat. Chains hang in loops along the bridges and
walls of the Channel for such as may fall therefrom
to hold on by, but the current toward the sea is strong in
many places - Sparrows abound in the Streets, and as well
as swallows build on the Palaces, while sitting by the
kings to day, I was entertained by an old sparrow
teaching her young to help themselves. The lions did
not appear to be at all seduced. The parent bird picked
up many morsels and dropped them. The young generally
opened its mouth and cried as it hopped along, but
occasionally took the hint, and picked up for itself.
Cigars pretty much supersede pipes and tobacco is cheap. Much
is grown and duty on foreign is very light. A portion of an old
throat of the city wall is now the great depository of the place.
The Swedish castles are considered good, a Swedish ~~town~~ is here
taking in her Armament, a Frigate. I believe both England
and America get some of their cannon here also. Steamers
& live within 50 yds of windows of the great Palace - In neither
Denmark Norway or Sweden, does Royalty appear to attract
much attention - I hear nothing said, as if it were of more
importance whether his Majesty and family ride or drive,
than other folks. Swedes appear to retire earlier than
either of these 3. The others of these 3 people, but get up to
lunch tea, which few exceptions, is bad enough there
also - Enquiry in vain this evening for Boullée at a Caffé
where I was not understood a young fellow stepped up, offer-
ing to take me to supper - we passed many streets however
before it was found - He sat down with me to a glass of
Port, which I was not allowed to include in my bill, though
I had begged him to call for whatever he desired. He proved
to be an engraver, served his apprenticeship with an English
man - Says Germans are not considered so valuable by Swedes
as are the English, who he thinks are liked much better here -
In Norway, many would be glad to be annexed to England.
All hate Russia, I presume because they are taught to be-
lieve she has designs on their territory, a common ser-
timent, apparently - The Hebrew guide to Swedenborg
house would receive nothing - all three of these people
dine early, but take many light meals, Real is the principal
meat - Rashed but handed round cut up like bread. Rasp-
berries and Strawberries are in season, with these I am well
enough - but their beds and washing apparatus are detestable
for want of size - The safety of suppers &c in chambers &c

Hotels and cabins of steamers testify as well as all (78)
else I have seen abroad, to an honest people in these 3
countries. Abo - July 31. 57. "Oar-bo" a "Aur-bo"
has 15000 people and several ships and smaller vessels
Wood and Deals appear to be its chief trade. Our
Steamer arrived here last night at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ O'clock after 22
hours passage from Stockholm, not over 160 miles. That
such a detestable vessel should be a means of passage
between two brilliant capitals (for we are bound to St.
Peter by and make a call here of only 28 hours) is one
of those things an American has to learn to understand -
She would be indicted as a nuisance by a board of health
with us, but passengers would never then have reason
to complain of her unless by some misapprehension on
their part, she should obtain them. Soon after leaving
the low shores of Sweden the Baltic left than the ship, made
most of our passengers sick. Men attending to women un-
der their care with cigars in their mouths. There is no
conception here apparently that tobacco - ~~ferment~~ ~~aggravates~~ the symptoms. A Russian suffering terribly
told me the cigars made no odds - his friend was smoking
at his side. One of the delicacies on table is lucifer matches
to light them with. We were soon among the Aland
Isles, and all was better. I have escaped sea sickness
in all my voyages. The Baltic was very civil indeed.
As much so I would have been surprised at sickness
in any other craft. These Aland Isles are even topped.
The first one of red granite, bare, and present a
most lucid aspect, like a strong light in a night
scene. A duck and some gulls were all the birds, and
not over one dozen tails. We must have come 100
miles through the Islands which are soon covered with
stemmed. Everywhere with a few deciduous trees, wherever
there is earth enough. A few sheep were all the stock I
saw. Though I saw persons moving on one Island. Not
a dwellly house could I see, except a town, where we
dropped anchor and waited half an hour that Russian
might examine the ships papers, to see if they were not
altered since last week. A regular liner too. My
baggage was only opened (here at Abo) nothing touched by
the custom house. The Islands are all low, none 60
feet out of water I think. We passed not far from Por-
murund. The light on a little rock is a good object.
It was not illuminated during the late war. But
can not be much needed in the long nights of the
summer. In winter all is ice. The water is drinkable.
Our dinner table is 2 ft wide, with excellent Russian
bread, not unlike the French at St. Orleans. Salmon
are abundant in these waters, but light yellow in color.

instead of the beautiful rose - I see very fine looking 19
pike also. Our fare is good enough, but the last fare
is meal is without tea, a dinner at dusk, al-
though tea was served 1 1/2 hours before, and dinner
at 2 P.M. with coffee half an hour after. For the first
time, I saw a lady smoking a cigar. Yesterday was cold
but to day reminded me of American summer. I sought
the shade in a long walk. but there are few trees about here
at least near the town. Juniper cover rocks and the
thin washed soil. I saw a sort of China Pink, and
haz - The friendly yellow abroad, as elsewhere, also
the chick and, a Canada ^{Blue berries, dog grass.} Thistle, and little most
like our I have seen. a very little heath. The Junipers are
thick full of berries just ripening - I found a cotton mill
on a quay. I was American. took me all over, and
brought his owner, an Englishman, who had been in
our principal cities. Machinery from Manchester. The
20 horse Engine also is English - fine for fuel. A Scotman
who builds engines for the Empress and others, says the Finns
are very poor hand, untidy and dishonest. The children
I see flock about the steamer and strangers as soon as
they are old enough to speak, amateur beggars. Good
workmen in Iron, J. Turner & Co. he pays 125 Copeks per day
without diet, about 95 cents. Farm labourers They have also
house and fuel given them. Farm labourers have 35 Rubles
(26 dollars) per year and diet. Wages have risen very
much since the late war. Butter is now 15 to 16 copeks
per lb, before the war it was only 10, which is more than
it would bring now in New York, unless to independent
persons. Soldiers in their coarse gray great coats are all
over. I am astonished at their wretched appearance.
They look like half breed Indians destroyed by whisky, most
of them quite as dark too. Then I hear an Russian, I do
not see them drunk, but Brandy a sort of Ambu (coloured
whisky) is free on the dinner table, as formerly in the U. States.
They are also most unoldenlike in their carriage, all look
like victims of fever and ague, which prevails here, (there is
also some cholera from Peterburgh where it is bad, I hear,
and almost always) although the country is almost all rock.
But the heat of day is succeeded by a long lingering
oblique decline of the sun generally most obscured &
attended with a damp chill which prevails in all these
latitudes, and I suppose the morning is the same.
This ancient Capital of Finland has an old Castle built in the
12th century, that looks like the upstart old stone factory possibly
whitewashed. It certainly could never have been enchanted any
more than that at Rosor on Zealand. Its windows (very small as usual)
are about 20 feet from the ground. Soldiers use it for barracks, and
in a round bastion like addition with Prison windowing I heard
the clanking of chains on several. Thin comrades were sitting

idly about, some playing a sort of drafts. A new Penitentiary (80
tary is near by on a hill. There is also an ancient
Cathedral with a copper roof and some tom fooleries
such as are usually found in such buildings. The Russian
church is peculiar & small, but very handsome. So
are some of the houses, which are either of wood or
stone, and all on nice clean broad streets. On a hill
above the town stand an Observatory (Small but looks
well) where navigation is taught. On the black
painted iron roof (Same as those I took for tin in Stockholm
probably) is a view of the town and environs. The latter
are like the Aland islands with wet level alluvials in
places of water. I believe this country is said by Ge-
ologists to be rising, so the water of the Aland islands
will probably disappear finally and be a mere extension
of the sea floor. A few of the roofs are of earth and under
stones, many of tile and also of board, some of shute iron.
The black tiles are less durable than others. It seems they
are coloured by mixing a sort of iron ore I think with the
clay. One seen among the islands yesterday was very like
that about Mackinaw. I took my first drive to day in
a Russian Drosky. A great bow is over the horses back.
I should say the harness was in Hoopec style. This
awkward contrivance is said to be designed to steady
the carriage, which is a little low baroque like thing
with 4 very small rattling wheels. I should think the
drivers of many of them (one horse) are not over 12 years
of age - nearly all are boys. Their hats are perpendicular
the ugliest of low bell crowns.  Helsingfors Aug 2^d
We arrived here last night at 7, and are transferred
to a rather large steamer, thinly affording room for
only more abominations. Our sail of about 150 miles from
Abo, has been a pleasant one among the same sort
of islands along the North edge of the Gulf of Finland.
I saw there a very fine Osprey, very similar to ours.
A flock of 8 of the Winter white wings that like our
Nanquawits bay all winter, unlike the Alay white wings
that only pass us twice a year. An intelligent Russian
on board informs me he passed down the gulf early
in July (last month) when buds were only bursting, the
deciduous trees not green. There is a Mr Brine, on board,
an Englishman, a fellow of Cambridge, who shot the
Eagles in Palestine, at Jerusalem, and was in America
last summer. The steamers & coffee are perfect babels.
All languages and nations appear to meet here. I
got some good tea at the Society house a sort of club
Hotel as at Abo, gotten up by merchants. A plate is not
given to eat from excepting at dinner, but and I think
I have not seen a better knife or salt spoon more
than 6 times on the continent yet. Napkins are

always laid, but those at dinner are given out
from day to day promiseously and unwashed. Butter
never nice, generally bad. It is enough perhaps, to say that
when tea is served on on deck, in a tin of butter is often
brought, which stands in the sun often an hour before
removal. I doubt if it can injure it. Nearly all travellers
carry a leather bag (a steel clasped reticule like) slung at
the side by a strap here as well as in England, and generally
an opera glass. I went to a Ball at Abo, where was
some nice music. The officers were very demure in
size. We passed along the station of the and ground
occupied by the British fleet. Sveaborg lies adjoining this
town on 7 Islands of rock. Most of the fortifications are
ruined. I should think there was more wall at Fort
Adams, than in 6 of this. beside the masonry is very
ruined. A Russian ship lies sunk by the enemy, in a
little cove behind the fortress. A Church is there (that
appears to have not been touched by a ball) with such
domes as crown Mosques. A very fine Roman Greek
Church in Stockholm, has several, brilliantly blue with
golden stars & other bright contrasts for decorative.
Russian money is as convenient as our own. It is Rubles
(which are worth about 75 of our cents) divided into 100 Kopeks.
So that decimals apply. Mr Pease is not nephew of the
late President. A very tall Sardinian is with us, he must be 6 ft 4 in.
belongs to the Sardinian man of war now at Stockholm, and is nephew
of the commander of the Sardinian Squadron lately acting against
Russia. He is young and sketches prettily. I hear cholera ~~attack~~
is attacking strangers chiefly particularly in St Petersburg
but do not feel much afraid of it, having had an attack
in Sweden so like it, I really feared the cramp would
break the bones of my legs. I found heavy doses of Straw
berries and Raspberries with cream very good for it.
This town has about 24,000 people, clean wide streets, many
nice houses. There are 50 Steam Gun boats lying behind
some rocks in a snug harbour, prepared in case of con-
tinuance of the war. All nations appear to meet in
the soldiers here. Plenty of Kopsaks among them, also
some Polish Carabats. There are many public buildings
among them a Parliament House for Finland is yet
governed by its own laws. The Russians were to permit
this for 50 years from the date of annexation in 1813.
The arrangement of public buildings is systematic and on
a large liberal scale. I hear it was much feared the
Fins would go over to and join Sweden against Russia
in the late struggle. I heard in Norway that country too
would have furnished 20,000 men against Russia had
the war continued another year. Many of the windows
on all these Northern towns have a glass fixed outside
which reflects the street and doors into the room, for
the gratification of the curious. In a nice park
by the sea on a Peninsular adjoining the town I saw the largest
mountain Ash I ever saw. There are some young Carabats
looking thrifty, which I have noticed only in one instance before
since leaving England. Alder is continually abundant.
Fig wood. The plant we call "Carrageen" is wild here

aspargus grow here, But, Cabbage, plenty of onions. (82)
carrots, pumpkins. Cucumbers are much raised, and grow
well, but under glass first. There had been a frost
at Abo within a week when I was there, and all these
green crops &c are precarious every year on account
of the frequency of this occurrence. The only lands
cultivated are the little spots of rich alluvial soil
the rocks. There is some great growth, and around
the town only afford enough ground for gardens.
I walked several hours, but could hear bands
playing most of the time. I found the Gulf of
Finland up here quite brackish, and took much
growing, so I think the Gulf of Bothnia can
scarcely be drinkable when I passed it, as I was
then told. Blueberries are ripe among the rocks, but
not under Raspberries. The few fences are made of stone
walls. I saw one house shingled roof. I have seen
none before excepting upon windmills. There are
a number of little propellers here ~~for~~ just over 30
feet long, for papermills - mere open boats with
sails, and very nice for the purpose. Most roofs
here are shingled iron, painted Red. The lower orders (and
there appear to be few others) look very like savages,
but are perfectly civil. Nay and Yaw, continue to be
so and yes, and I believe language generally as in
Sweden & Norway, or very much so. Ports are wrapped
in black bark before planting, and if they happen to be
government property are generally painted black &
white like a pole as if the first Czar might have
been a barber. Railings & various small officers
are painted in some remarkable manner. We are
to remain here about 36 hours.

St Petersburg August 4th.

We have arrived at Abo after 6 days on board of Steamer
to get about 700 miles. We crossed the Gulf of Finland from
Helsingfors to Revel, a town of about 30,000 people, a
portion of it on a hill with 4 spires and 2 things like
minarets, presents a very fine appearance from a
few miles distance, at sea. Some men of war are lying
there in ordinary. The wharves even are embrazured and
mounted with cannon - an old monastery ruin stands
on the shore near the town, and a castle on a wooded
hill a few miles off. I saw no merchantsmen, scarce
a sloop in the harbour - and not much more in crossing
the Gulf from Helsingfors, all the town fled here in haste
once. Narga, a low sandy wooded island, just a few
miles from Revel, was head quarters of British fleet during
the late war. Every thing smacks of war. Russian are building
war vessels every where, but I hear the Black sea is most
relied upon for them, and that fine timber for the purpose
is found on its waters. Manufactures are increasing rapidly,
I think. A cotton spinner & paper maker told me he paid
3/6 Sterling per day to make spinners, without diet. His mill

is 140 miles inland. As we approached Cronstadt. (83)
we met ships and soon saw the forest of masts that crown
the famous mole, and Napier's gun would have been
the much hoped in England, but any one must see
on coming here, that he acted a wise part in not
acting at all. A bay 30 miles wide with low flat wood
ed shores, Shal water, and only accessible with large
vessels by a crooked difficult channell, what could
be done. The place itself looks impregnable, all its vast
ranges of granite piers are batteries bristling with heavy
cannon, the bay nothing of fort 4 tiers high beside,
that look and stand in all directions. As we
approached the place through a strait as it were, of
steam vessels of war, about 25 on a side, anchored
in line for 2 miles, just as we dropped our anchor
at the mole, all these with the guns began to roar
in honour of a Royal prince in her yacht just arriving.
very soon all was in smoke and not a thing to be seen,
there were probably 2000 cannon fired on this monstrous
occasion. I suppose by way of delicate attention. Only
a few miles below Cronstadt, is a light house on a
rock (the dwelling attached is large enough for 30 good
rooms) ~~but~~ the nearest point to Cronstadt which
the British reached. There appeared to be 1000 musketeers
in one of the Moles, and many men of war in ordinary
in another. We could see the glittering domes of St
Petersburgh, and in 2 hours were in the mouth of the Neva
where great banners of Russia's Leather gun forth odours
for benefit of all the steamers as if they had not enough
of their own. See by the by was served with our uncooked
dinner, and although we paid our passages in
Stockholm, we were charged for a dinner served
at 1 P.M. just before our arrival here, although I
preferred to go without it even when paid for. Such
they said, as the custom of the boat, we were a good
while getting on shore, but the Customs did not touch or
scarcely look even at my baggage. I was passed instantly
with great civility, just as I have always been at these
places, when so many examples of wretched treatment,
on getting ashore however a villain assailed me under
pretence of being a commissioner of some sort, whom I
had hard work to get rid of. He jumped into my stinky
after a while I stopped it paid my full fare and got
out, but the wretch still followed me. I met Mr. Peine
luckily who got a Russian to drive him off. I thought
this very strange at the time, but I have seen enough
cruelty and bowing since before shavers in the streets
to explain it entirely. While reclining on a
summit of rock the other day near Sweaborg, I
was assailed by several Hooded Crows, some of
which alighted within 40 feet of me, patiently waiting

my last gasp which they evidently thought to be near 84
at hand - I forgot to mention, that as we were leaving
Cronstadt, the Emperor in his little Steam yacht came
down to receive the Prince (who had just arrived in a
Frigate), and conduct him to Peterhoff, a summer palace
on the Gulf just below Petersburg. This arrival of course
was occasion for more smoke and noise. The Pension
on the English Key is "the house" for English and Americans
here, but I found it full, and am at "Spinks" another
Englishman. It is pleasant to get once more where our
own and English notions of comfort are recognized
6th. Petersburg had 75000 people, they say, in 15 years after
it was laid out by Peter: now 400,000. "Magnificent distances"
describes the place very well. It lies on a plain nearly level
with the Neva, which is a fine river with a 2 mile current
from Lake Ladoga - (Ladder-gue) passing in nearly a
straight line through the city, over 1300 feet wide. On both
margins is a wide space probably 100 feet, affording a fine
front for building, and on the South side occupied by Imperial
palaces, and plain houses all in blocks of Nobility. The river
is walled like a canal with either the red or gray granite
in large blocks brought from Finland, with parapets of some
material and nice walk thereby, a most pleasant promenade.
The city abounds in broad canals, ^{often only 100 ft wide} and branches & different
mouths of the Neva, all walled & provided with walks and
wide margins in the same way. The lower bridge of the
Neva is of 8 or 9 Iron Arches on Granite Piers. There are 3 other
bridges above this on boats, which are moved with hempen cables,
but ~~are~~ in the season of Ice flows these bridges are covered
at one end and swung around to sports by the shore
to which they are secured for the season. Sometimes the
harbour is not closed until Christmas, Sundries and the
sports for abutments of the Iron bridge are driven 150 feet
deep. All buildings are founded on sports, the whole country
being alluvial. Multitudes of bridges cross the canals too
but none are fine, at all. There are no narrow streets
and nearly all are straight though not at right angles.
Many are from 100 to 125 feet wide, some wider, and
I think the average must be near 80 feet. The side walks
are of poor flagging (the frost destroy them) and generally about
8 or 9 feet wide only. There are 8 Palaces. I should say none
of them remarkable in exterior. The Winter Palace front on
the river (~~the~~ Brick & stucco as is every thing, but the
Isaac Church) is ^{790 ft} 790 feet, 3 stories high ^{(3000 people are said}
to inhabit it) The Hermitage adjoins it & connects, of 520 feet more
I went into this and saw the grandest marble stair case and halls
of fine marble and gold I ever saw. Ascending 70 steps (about 40 feet)
windows up then looked into a court level therewith, with gardens
and trees. I suppose supported on arches. The front is still con-
tinued on the Neva by an addition of 390 feet, this last being
the private theatre of the Palace. 1700 feet of front in all.
The great scale and apparently excellent system of all the
~~the~~ very numerous public buildings constitute their

Chief claim to attention. There is a sort of grandeur & 5
too sometimes, but some how or other the idea of arbitrariness
despoticism or something of the sort will intrude and give
all ~~a sort of~~ an air of Elefantiasis rather than of
real ~~grandeur~~ material greatness. Besides, every thing
is brick and plaster at last, outside. They have had the power
to reserve their granite for where it was most needed,
the walls of the canal and river, great works indeed.
On one front of the Palace (winter) stand the famous statue
& rock portrait of Peter the Great. On the opposite side of
the river, I visited his original log Cabin, now inside of a
house for preservation, a little thing of 3 rooms, one of which
was his chapel. A skiff of his own construction is there
also. Here he lived many years, until he built a 2
story plain house on the canal now the corner of the famous
Summer garden, famous for its fine high Iron fence
with gilt top and granite posts on the Terra front. The
fence is 20 feet high but not so fine as that before the
British Museum, or in front of Duke of Hamilton's Palace
at Hamillon, by any means, but 4 times as long as both
of them. Peter's 2 story house would be a good farm house
large enough for 2 respectable families only. There are
many nice houses but none stand distinct with separate
lots and gardens, excepting the Old Paul Palace, the Merchant
Palace near it, and some few others, in this great city, a
great blemish. A parade ground for 40,000 troops has not a
thing of grass or shrub or tree upon it. The Summer garden and
avenues of trees on the great square 1/2 mile long, are all the
walks of shade - pretty much. ~~There is~~ There is also a large
garden or Park of drives and walks over the river, not far
from the Church where the Ozars from Peter down to Nicholas
lie in tomb covered with gold cloth of very rich workmanship.
There are everts with others on which the names of each Emperor
or Empress as the case may be is wrought. There are shaded
walks about the Paul Palace too (but small) beside the Summer
garden, this Summer garden abounds in marble statues, but
most of those in the city are clumsy, crumbling plaster, or
and ridiculous. There are several of bronze however. The
roof of the Isaac church abounds in them - of winged angels.
A granite Column here, polished like sealing wax, and
almost like Porphyry, is 8 feet diameter and about 60 feet
high. Guide books I hear say it is 80. The largest block I
ever saw. Largest pillar in the world it is said. The bronze
fence around it has the finest finish I ever saw on one. The dome
of the Isaac church is the most brilliant, it is covered with plate
gold, I think I have seen 100 gilt ones here. There are generally
as many as 4 on a church. The Kazan Church is an assembly
of fine pillars inside and out. It sits on rails, ^{by altar} is of treasure
taken from Napoleon's chest in his retreat from Moscow, also
a sarcophagus there. On entering this church, had I been un-
aware, I should have thought, at first, I had suddenly
fallen upon a party of Ben Stalkers. Such a

portum, as if the virtue of beer was and candlestick (86)
were not quite sufficient. I fear the multitudinous
ignorant find such sites a license for further sins to
be atoned with equal facility. This brings us to Cabbages
which I see in market abundantly. Watermelons and musk
melons, these I hear are produced under glass. Caele flowers,
strawberries, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries and
very fine looking cherries are at every corner. The Rasp-
berries are also very fine, and currants large, bushels and
bushels of them. Linden trees about the palace not 30 ft
high, are said to be over 100 years old. but Oaks and
Elms are 6 or 7 feet high in summer garden. I have not
been able to satisfy myself that Linden crack from
East in Northern Europe as they were said to do 4 years
ago in Boston. Some however appear to have probably
done so, here, where they are a common tree (all small)
and now in flower. Ice is served on table at Spinks.
The champagne I drank is fine. It is twice as dear here
as with us. English port is admitted as medicine and is
75 cents per bottle. The Ice looks as nice as Wenhams. Ice
cream is much used, but I have enquired at confecturers
for it is vain although I see buckets of it in the streets going
to and fro, occasionally. Russians drink tea from tumblers
without cream. Sugar with a slice of lemon is put into
the glass and you will find it very nice, at sea when
cream is not, this must be a good way of taking it. ~~that~~
A tea made of Dried Raspberries is a Russian cure for
a cold. An infusion of the leaves of the vine, also, also
a tea made from leaves of black currant. Either is
said to induce violent perspiration & almost infallible.
The horses here are very fine, all have long tails, more of them
beautiful animals than I have before seen. Tartary or Arab
probably. The Drinky is all sorts, from a miserable greasy thing
for one passenger, to nice buggy like establishments in four blue
turnings etc. The Hacks are large and good, and often fine,
barouch or close carriages, very low, the latter. The carts are
most extraordinary. Their "four wheel" (there are more wheels visible)
count entirely to discharge cargo, "by cramping the wheels" The
body is a sort of crate, that will roll off sometimes without
entirely turning the vehicle over. Carriages take the right.
I see blue berries abundant, and some pears and apples.
The shambles exhibit such beef as I never before saw, though
the Spinks manages to have very good for dinner. Wood is only
3 1/2 Rubles (2.62 1/2 cents) per cord, and is already said to be 12 to 24 inches.
It comes down in stacks that contain 200 cords
at least. They are constructed rudely, remind one of Flat boats
of the Mississippi, but are much larger, being about 130 feet
long and nearly 30 feet wide. There are probably 1000 of them
now lying loaded, in the canals and river. Like the flat
boats, they are never returned, but are broken up and sold when
discharged. Birch appears to be the chief wood, but
spruce fir is also brought. Consumption of fuel
must be great here. The frost disorganizes the pavement.

(87)

Asian eyes steps of the public buildings even when they are
10 feet high. Water I suppose - every thing is thrown out of line
all water tables of houses are covered with iron to keep the
water from entering and freezing and ^{shut} displaying. The houses
rarely under 3 or over 4 stories, all are of brick ^{second} and
with few exceptions painted shut iron roofs. Only one
have I noticed of tile. In suburbs are wooden houses also,
some of logs, some with board roofs. Many nations appear
to meet here. I suppose Gentry are chiefly out of town at this
season, but it is rare to see a man who looks like a
gentleman in the street. As to a point of rank, I have not
seen it on the continent. I notice the wooden block pavements
are laid on plank flooring ^{1 1/2} inch thick, but nearly all pavements
are of cobble stones, like ^{very rough to drive or walk upon} - In the spring during the season
of hot the condition of the driving is said to be terrible.
All is perfectly flat, and on going to the suburbs, one is reminded
of the country around Charleston, one dead endless level. On one of
the Keys are two Egyptian Sphynx, mounted on the Finnish red
granite parapet. The contrast shows the latter to be of considerably
higher colour. There is much gray granite too, and a good deal
of brown limestone, comes in thin slabs, but used for inside steps
chiefly. Floating bathing houses are frequent by the Keys, also
Folk Markets. Very many steamers ply in all directions,
In the shops are curious reckoner - 13 wires in a frame, with 10
bones bead on each that slide, & form a sort of multiplication
table. Some of the lamps are yet suspended over the middle
of the street from 2 posts on the side walks, as in suburbs of
New Orleans. Little chapels with candles gaudy saints in gilt and
paint are every where, and people very devout often at passing.
The Greek churches have no organ (but the Kazan delight singing,
what I heard) but are filled with glitter of gilding all about,
but especially the altar. In a glass case they contain all to
have a military coat of an Emperor or distinguished general.
The walls hang with trophies, banners, keys of conquered cities,
&c. The fence around one bears over 100 brass cannon for
its pillars, made captive with heavy chains that form
the fence in great festoons, besides mounted brass pieces
encircle the church of peace, on its terrace, all these
taken from infidel Turks whom it is right to rob as well
as glorious, in 1828. Charity boxes are all the pines and doors
of churches and chapels. One of these machines may supply the
means of champagne for several prints daily, from the nar-
row means of the sincere and simple who give a penny they
can idly spare. The churches abound in bells, ~~sees~~ but they
do not appear to be used much - Towers are all over the city
on which watchmen with signals are stationed, to look for fire.
The Kazan is striking, but none of the others would stop one
more than a moment but for the brilliant domes that
crown them nearly all. The soldiers are a great feature,
all are in a ~~gray~~ wollen gray coat, although the sun is quite
hot (nearly all wear overcoats here even at midday) and
glitter in gold and yellow in medals, if the coat be off-

88. The incongruity of these persons is generally remarkable. They seem like savages just returned from a successful marauding expedition. The walls of the houses are very thick, I think generally full 2 1/2 feet - French windows universal. exteriors are generally cream, or light colour and require much securing. Most of the large public buildings are whitewashed. The Winter palace is ~~dark~~ ^{dirty} brown ~~yellow~~ colour - exceptional to nearly every thing else. Its style is French. There are no cut nails here, and the wrought iron double the length of ours as proportions to the ~~high~~ ^{thick} thickness. The Neva supplies the water but strangers are not considered safe in drinking it at this season of the year - I find it very palatable, but only tasted it a few times without wine.

The sparrow is numerous in the streets, and the swallow that is common & abundant in Northern Europe, like our chimney swallow, but larger, a noisy cheerful creature. Pigeons (domestic) quite numerous. ~~I expect to go to Moscow~~

7th I expect ~~to go to Moscow~~ tomorrow. I find that all persons native or foreign are obliged to advertise 3 days in the News paper before they can obtain passport to leave the country - This I shall probably do in Moscow where I expect to proceed to Warsaw by diligence. The Americans are said to be popular in Russia. I rather think they are in Europe generally. I was at Col Seymour yesterday - our minister here, a man of very quiet manner and pleasing. I saw then Barin and Ewen, &c, of Felt, very nice and light, said to be an excellent article, considerably used in Russia, and of recent invention. Felt does not break it. It is also noiseless. I shall send this unsealed to be mailed in England. Russians I hear open letters before they can leave their country. Nice folks to be sure, but the whitest I have seen. I find them very civil and kind as they can be who cannot be understood.

I do not mean ^{effluent bath for} to say there are not many handsome buildings here, there are, but very few houses that are very strikingly so. All goods by shipping are by law placed on the custom house key, though only lighters can get to it - from Constantinople where ships stop & through 2 or 3 draw bridges - a most expensive and despotical and useless regulation. I see sand is placed on the sill, ^{several inches deep}, between the double sashes to keep wind out.

Love to all

The diary on the Mark pavement is very excellent

of 88 pages
No. 20. at Sea between Hull in
England and Christiana Norway
June 27th 1857



No. 20,

House of Linnaeus
~~what~~
upset



House of Linnaeus
~~what~~
upside













